# Satiro-mastix.

OR

## *The vntrussing of the Humorous Poet.*

*As it hath bin presented publikely,* by the Right Honorable, the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants; and priuately, by the Children of Paules.

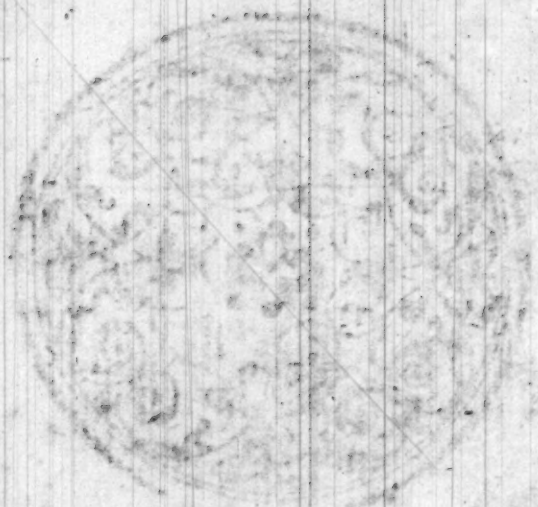
By *Thomas Dekker.*

*Nemo recito eniquam nisi Amicis idq; coactus.*



LONDON,
Printed for *Edward White*, and are to bee solde at his shop, neere the little North doore of Paules Church, at the signe of the Gun. 1602.

C & P

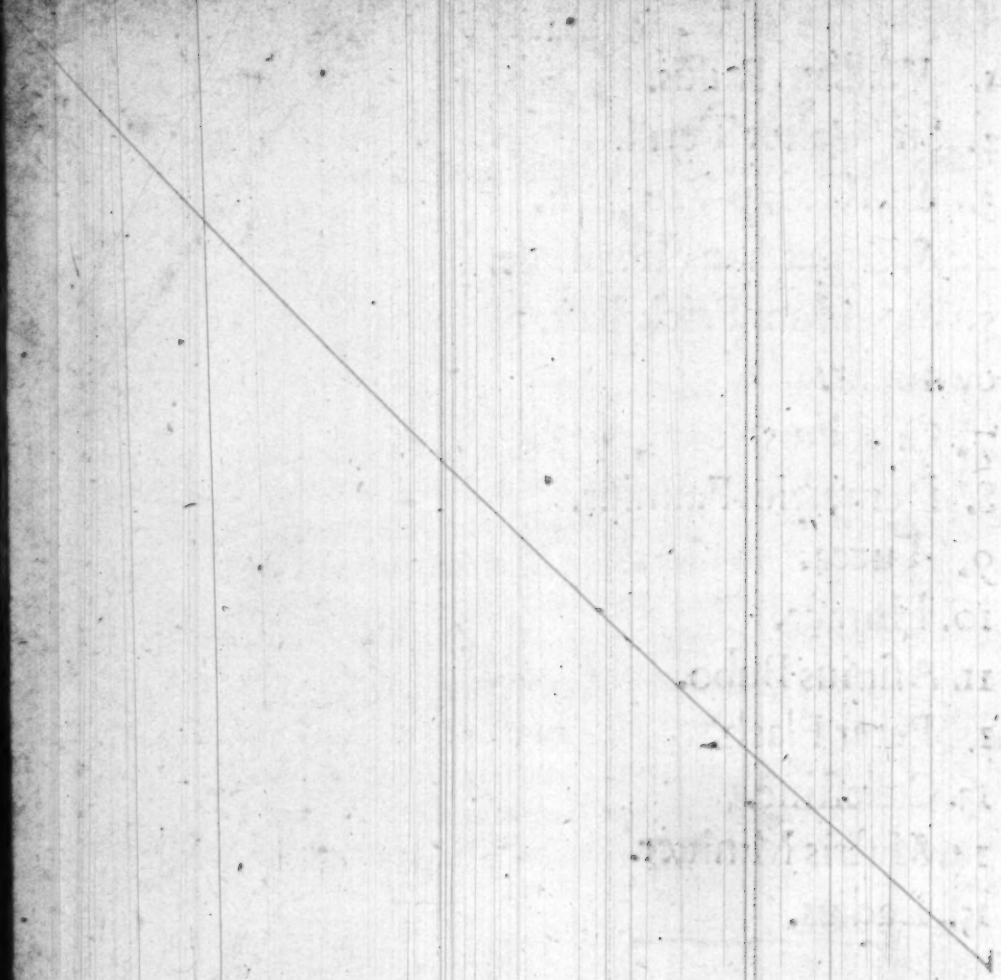


# *Dramatis personæ.*

1. William Rufus.
2. Sir Walter Terill.
3. Sir Rees ap Vaughan.
4. S. Quintilian Shorthose.
5. Sir Adam Pricksbaft.
6. Blunt.
7. Crispinus.
8. Demetrius Fannius.
9. Tucca.
10. Horace.
11. Asinius Bubo.
12. Peter Flash.
13. Cælestine.
14. Mistris Miniuer.
15. Ladies.

## Ad Detractorem.

*Non potes in Nugas dicere plura meas,*
*Ipse ego quam dixi.——Qui se mirantur, in illos*
*Virus habe: Nos hæc nouimus esse nihil.*



# To the VVorld.

VVOrld, I was once resolu'd to bee round with thee, because I know tis thy fashion to bee round with euery bodie: but the winde shifting his point, the Veine turn'd: yet because thou wilt sit as Iudge of all matters (though for thy labour thou wear'st Midasses eares, and art Monstrum horrendum, informe: Ingens cui lumen ademptum; whose great Poliphemian eye is put out) I care not much if I make description (before thy Vniuersality) of that terrible Poetomachia, lately commenc'd betweene Horace the second, and a band of leane-witted Poetasters. They haue bin at high wordes, and so high, that the ground could not serue them, but (for want of Chopins) haue stalk't vpon Stages.

Horace hal'd his Poetasters to the Barre, the Poetasters vntruss'd Horace: how worthily eyther, or how wrongfully, (World) leaue it to the Iurie: Horace (questionles) made himselfe beleeue, that his Burgonian wit might desperately challenge all commers, and that none d'urst take vp the foyles against him: It's likely, if he had not so beleiu'd, he had not bin so deceiu'd, for hee was answer'd at his owne weapon: And if before Apollo himselfe (who is Coronator Poetarum) an Inquisition should be taken touching this lamentable merry murdering of Innocent Poetry: all mount Helicon

to Bun-hill, it would be found on the Poetasters side Se defendendo. Notwithstanding the Doctors thinke otherwise. I meete one, and he rumines full Butt at me with his Satires hornes, for that in vntrussing Horace, I did only whip his fortunes, and condition of life, where the more noble Reprehension had bin of his mindes Deformitie, whose greatnes of his Criticall Lynx had with as narrow eyes, obseru'd in himselfe, as it did little spots vpon others, without all disputation: Horace would not haue left Horace out of Euery man in's Hvmour. His fortunes? why does not he taxe that onely in others? Read his Arraignement and see. A second Cat-a-mountaine mewes, and calles me Barren, because my braines could bring forth no other Stigmaticke than Tucca, whome Horace had put to making, and begot to my hand: but I wonder what language Tucca would haue spoke, if honest Capten Hannam had bin borne without a tongue? Is't not as lawfull then for mee to imitate Horace, as Horace Hannam? Besides, if I had made an opposition of any other new-minted fellow, (of what Test so euer) he had bin out-fac'd, and out-weyed by a setled former approbation: neyther was it much improper to set the same dog vpon Horace, whom Horace had set to worrie others.

I could heere (euen with the feather of my pen) wipe off other ridiculous imputations: but my best way to answer them, is to laugh at them: onely thus much I protest (and sweare by the diuinest part of true Poesie) that (howsoeuer the limmes of my naked lines may bee and I know haue haue bin torturi'd on the racke) they are free from conspiring the least disgrace to any man, but onely to our new Horace; neyther should this ghost of Tucca, haue walkt vp and downe Poules Church-yard, but that hee was raiz'd vp (in print) by newe Exorcismes. World, if thy Hugenes will beleiue this: doe, if not, I care not: for I dedicate my booke not to thy Greatnes, but to the Greatnes of thy scorne: Defying which, let that mad Dog Detraction

traction *bite till his teeth bee worne to the ſtumps*: Enuy *feede thy Snakes ſo fat with poyſon till they burſt*: World, *let all thy Adders ſhoote out their* Hidra-headed-forked *Stinges*, Ha, Ha, Nauci; *if none will take my part*, (*as I deſire none*) *yet I thanke thee* (*thou true* Venuſian Horace) *for theſe good wordes thou giu'ſt me*: Populus me ſibylat at mihi plaudo. World *farewell*.

Malim Conuiuis quàm placuiſſe Cocis.

# *Ad Lectorem.*

IN ſteed of the Trumpets ſounding thrice, before the Play begin: it ſhall not be amiſſe (for him that will read) firſt to beholde this ſhort Comedy of Errors, and where the greateſt enter, to giue them in ſtead of a hiſſe, a gentle correction.

In letter C. Page. 1. for, Whom I adorn'd as Subiects: Read, Whom I ador'd as, &c.

In Letter C Pa. 3. for, Ile ſtarte thence poore: Read, Ile ſtarue their poore, &c.

In Letter C Pa. 6. for, her white cheekes with her dregs and bottome: Read, her white cheekes with the dregs and, &c.

In the ſame Page, for, Strike off the head of Sin: Read, Strike off the ſwolne head, &c.

In the ſame Page, for, that of fiue hundred, foure hundred fiue Read, that of fiue hundred: foure.

In Letter G, pa. 1. for, this enterchanging of languages: Read, this enterchange of language.

In Letter L. pa 5. for, And ſtinging inſolence ſhould: Read, And ſtinking inſolence, &c.

# The Untruſſing of the Humorous Poet.

*Enter two Gentlewomen ſtrewing of flowers.*

1 COme bedfellow come, ſtrew apace, ſtrew, ſtrew: in good troth tis pitty that theſe flowers muſt be trodden vnder feete as they are like to bee anon.

2 Pitty, alacke pretty heart, thou art ſorry to ſee any good thing fall to the ground: pitty? no more pitty, then to ſee an Innocent Mayden-head deliuered vp to the ruffling of her new-wedded husband. Beauty is made forvſe, and hee that will not vſe a ſweet ſoule well, when ſhe is vnder his fingers I pray *Venus* he may neuer kiſſe a faire and a delicate, ſoft, red' plump-lip.

1. Amen, and that's torment enough.

2. Pitty? come foole fling them about luſtily; flowers neuer dye a ſweeter death, than when they are ſmoother'd to death in a Louers boſome, or elſe paue the high wayes, ouer which theſe pretty, ſimpring, ietting things, call'd brides, muſt trippe.

1. I pray thee tell mee, why doe they vſe at weddings to furniſh all places thus, with ſweet hearbes and flowers?

2. One reaſon is, becauſe tis—— ô a moſt ſweet thing to lye with a man.

1. I thinke tis a O more more more more ſweet to lye with a woman.

2. I warrant all men are of thy minde: another reaſon is, becauſe they ſticke like the ſcutchions of madame chaſtity, on the ſable ground, weeping in their ſtalkes, and wincking with theyr yellow-ſunke eyes, as loath to beholde the lamentable fall of a Maydenhead: what ſenceles thing in all the houſe, that is not nowe as melancholy, as a new ſet-vp Schoolemaſter?

1. Troth I am.

2. Troth I thinke thou mournſt, becauſe th'aſt miſt thy turne, I doe by the quiuer of *Cupid*: you ſee the torches melt themſelues away in teares: the inſtruments weare theyr heart-ſtringes out for ſorrow: and the Siluer Ewers weepe moſt pittifull Roſewater: fiue or ſixe payre of the white innocent wedding gloues, did in my ſight chooſe rather to be torne in peeces than to be drawne on; and looke this Roſemary, (a fatall hearbe) this dead-mans noſe-gay, has crept in amongſt theſe flowers to decke th'nuiſible coarſe of the Brides Maydenhead, when (oh how much do we poore wenches ſuffer) abouteleuen or twelue, or one a clock at midnight at furtheſt, it deſcends to purgatory, to giue notice that *Caleſtine* (hey ho) will neuer come to lead Apes in hell.

1. I ſee by thy ſighing thou wilt not.

2. If I had as many Mayden-heads, as I haue hayres on my head, Ide venture them all rather then to come into ſo hot a place; prethy ſtrew thou, for my little armes are weary.

1. I am ſure thy little tongue is not.

2. No faith that's like a woman bitten wᵗ fleas, it neuerlyes ſtil; fye vpont, what a miſerable thing tis to be a noble Bride, there's ſuch delayes in riſing, in fitting gownes, in tyring, in pinning Rebatoes, in poaking, in dinner, in ſupper, in Reuels, & laſt of all in curſing the poore nodding fidlers, for keeping miſtris bride ſo long vp from ſweeter Reuels; that, oh I could

neuer

neuer endure to put it vp without much bickering.

1. Come th'art an odde wench, hark, harke, muſicke? nay then the Bride's vp.

2. Is ſhe vp? nay then I ſee ſhe has been downe: Lord ha mercy on vs, we women fall and fall ſtill, and when we haue husbands we play vpon them like Virginall Iackes, they muſt ryſe and fall to our humours, or elſe they'l neuer get any good ſtraines of muſicke out of vs; but come now, haue at it for a mayden-head. *ſtrew.*

*As they ſtrew, enter Sir* Quintilian Shorthoſe *with* Peeter Flaſh *and two or three ſeruingmen, with lights.*

*Sir quin.* Come knaues, night begins to be like my ſelfe, an olde man; day playes the theeſe and ſtealeſ vpon vs; O well done wenches, well done, well done, you haue couered all the ſtony way to church with flowers, tis well, tis well, ther's an Embleame too, to be made out of theſe flowers and ſtones, but you are honeſt wenches, in, in, in.

2. When we come to your yeares, we ſhal learne what honeſty is, come pew-fellow. *Exeunt.*

*Sir quin.* Is the muſicke come yet? ſo much to do! Iſt come?

*Omnes.* Come ſir.

*Sir quin.* Haue the merry knaues pul'd their fiddle caſes ouer their inſtruments eares?

*Flaſh.* As ſoone as ere they entred our gates, the noyſe went, before they came nere the great Hall, the faint hearted villiacoes ſounded at leaſt thrice.

*Sir quin.* Thou ſhouldſt haue reuiu'd them with a Cup of burnt wine and ſugar; ſirra, you, horſe-keeper, goe, bid them curry theyr ſtrings: Is my daughter vp yet? *Exit.*

*Flaſh.* Vp ſir? ſhe was ſeene vp an houre agoe.

*Sir quin.* Shee's an early ſturrer, ah ſirra.

*Flaſh.* Shee'l be a late ſturrer ſoone at night ſir.

*Sir Quint.* Goe too *Peeter Flaſh*, you haue a good ſodaine flaſh of braine, your wittes husky, and no maruaile, for tis like one of our Comedians beardes, ſtull ith ſtubble: about your buſines, and looke you be nymble to flye from the wine, or the nymble wine will catch you by the noſe.

*Flash.* If your wine play with my noſe *Sir*, Ile knocke's coxcombe.

*Sir quin.* Doe *Peeter*, and weare it for thy labour; Is my Sonne in Law Sir *Walter Terell* ready yet?

*Omnes.* Ready ſir. *Exit another.*

*Sir Quin.* One of you attend him: Stay *Flaſh*, where's the note of the gueſtes you haue inuited?

*Flaſh.* Here Sir, Ile pull all your gueſtes out of my boſome; the men that will come, I haue croſt, but all the Gentlewomen haue at the tayle of the laſt letter a pricke, becauſe you may read them the better.

*Sir quint.* My ſpectacles, lyght, lyght, knaues: Sir *Adam Prickſhaft*, thou haſt croſt him, heele come.

*Flash.* I had much a doe ſir, to draw Sir *Adam Prickeſhaft* home, becauſe I tolde him twas early, but heele come.

*Sir quint.* Iuſtice *Crop*, what will he come?

*Flaſh.* He tooke phiſicke yeſterday ſir.

*Sir quint.* Oh then *Crop* cannot come.

*Flaſh.* O Lord yes, ſir yes, twas but to make more roome in his Crop for your good cheare, *Crop* will come.

*Sir quint.* Widdow *Maneuer.*

*Flaſh.* Shee's prickt you ſee ſir, and will come.

*Sir quint.* Sir *Vaughan ap Rees*, oh hee's croſt twiſe, ſo, ſo, ſo, then all theſe Ladyes, that fall downewardes heere, will come I ſee, and all theſe Gentlemen that ſtand right before them.

*Flaſh.* All wil come.

*Sir quint.* Well ſayd, heere, wryte them out agen, and put the men from the women; and *Peeter*, when we are at Church

bring

bring wine and cakes, be light & nimble good *Flash*, for your burden will be but light.

*Enter sir* Adam *a light before him.*

*Sir Adam Prickeshaft* God morrow, god morrow: goe, in, in, in, to the Bridegroome, taste a cup of burnt wine this morning, twill make you flye the better all the day after.

*Sir Adam.* You are an early styrrer Sir *Quintilian Shorthose.*

*Sir qui* I am so, it behoues me at my daughters wedding, in, in, in; fellow put out thy torch, and put thy selfe into my buttery, the torch burnes ill in thy hand, the wine will burne better in thy belly, in in.

*Flash.* Ware there, roome for *Sir Adam Prickeshaft*: your Worship——— *Exit.*

*Enter Sir* Vaughan *and Mistris* Mineuer.

*Sir quin.* Sir *Vaughan* and Widdow *Mineuer*, welcome, welcome, a thousand times: my lips Mistris Widdow shall bid you God morrow, in, in, one to the Bridegroome, the other to the Bride.

*Sir Vaughen.* Why then Sir *quiontilian Shorthose*, I will step into mistris Bride, and Widdow *Mineuer*, shall goe vpon M. Bridegroome.

*Mineu.* No pardon, for by my truely *Sir Vaughan*, Ile ha no dealings with any M. Bridegroomes.

*Sir quin.* In widdow in, in honest knight in.

*Sir Vaug.* I will vsher you mistris widdow.

*Flash.* Light there for sir *Vaughan*; your good Worship ——

*Sir Vaug.* Drinke that shilling Ma. *Pecter Flash*, in your guttes and belly.

*Fla.* Ile not drinke it downe sir, but Ile turne it into that which shall run downe, oh merrily!

*Exit Sir Vaughan.*

*Enter* Blunt, Criſpinus, Demetrius, *and others with Ladies, lights before them.*

*Sir quin.* God morrow to theſe beauties, and Gentlemen, that haue Vſhered this troope of Ladyes to my daughters wedding, welcome, welcome all; muſick? nay then the bride-groome's comming, where are theſe knaues heere?

*Flaſh.* All here ſir.

*Enter* Terill, Sir Adam, Sir Vaughan, Celeſtine, Mineuer, *and other Ladies and attendants with lights.*

*Teri.* God morrow Ladies and fayre troopes of gallants, that haue depoſ'd the drowzy King of ſleep, *to Crowne our* traine with your rich preſences, *I ſalute you all;*
Each one ſhare thanks from thanks in generall.

*Criſ.* God morrow M. Bride-groome, miſtris Bride.

*Omnes.* God morrow M. Bride groome.

*Ter.* Gallants I ſhal intreate you to prepare,
For Maskes and Reuels to defeate the night,
Our Soueraigne will in perſon grace our marriage.

*Sir quin.* What will the king be heer?

*Ter.* Father he will.

*Sir quin.* Where be theſe knaues? More Roſe-mary and gloues, gloues, gloues: chooſe Gentlemen; Ladyes put on ſoft skins vpon the skin of ſofter hands; ſo, ſo: come miſtris Bride take you your place, the olde men firſt, and then the Batchelors; Maydes with the Bride, Widdows and wiues together, the prieſt's at Church, tis time that we march thether

*Ter.* Deare *Blunt* at our returne from Church, take paines to ſtep to *Horace*, for our nuptiall ſongs; now Father when you pleaſe.

*Sir quin.* Agreed, ſet on, come good Sir *Vaughan*, muſt we lead

lead the way?

*Sir Vau. Peeter* you goe too faſt for Miſtris pride: ſo, gingerly, gingerly; I muſe why *Sir Adam Prickeſhaſt* ſticks ſo ſhort behinde?

*Sir quin.* He follows cloſe, not too faſt, holde vp knaues,
Thus we lead youth to church, they vs to graues. *Exeunt.*

*Horrace ſitting in a ſtudy behinde a Curtaine, a candle by him burning, bookes lying confuſedly: to himſelfe.*

*Hor.* To thee whoſe fore-head ſwels with Roſes,
Whoſe moſt haunted bower
Giues life & ſent to euery flower,
Whoſe moſt adored name incloſes,
Things abſtruſe, deep and diuine,
Whoſe yellow treſſes ſhine,
Bright as *Eoan* fire.
O me thy Prieſt inſpire.
For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In-in-in golden tunes,
For I to thee and thine immortall name——
In-ſacred raptures flowing, flowing, ſwimming, ſwimming:
In ſacred raptures ſwimming,
Immortall name, game, dame, tame, lame, lame, lame,
Pux, hath, ſhame, proclaime, oh——
In Sacred raptures flowing, will proclaime, not——
O me thy Prieſt inſpyre!
For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In flowing numbers fild with ſpright and flame,
Good, good, in flowing numbers fild with ſpright & flame.

*Enter* Aſinius Bubo.

*Aſini. Horace, Horace*, my ſweet ningle, is alwayes in labour when I come, the nine Muſes be his midwiues I pray *Iupiter*: Ningle.

*Hor.* I

*Ho*. In flowing numbers fild with ſprite and flame,
To thee.

*Aſini*. To me? I pledge thee ſweet Ningle, by *Bacchus* quaffing boule, I thought th'adſt drunke to me.

*Hor*. It muſt haue been in the deuine lycour of *Pernaſſus*, then in which, I know you would ſcarce haue pledg'd me, but come ſweet roague, ſit, ſit, ſit.

*Aſini*. Ouer head and eares yfaith? I haue a ſacke-full of newes for thee, thou ſhalt plague ſome of them, if God ſend vs life and health together.

*Hor*. Its no matter, empty thy ſacke anon, but come here firſt honeſt roague, come.

*Aſini*. Iſt good, Iſt good pure *Helicon* ha?

*Hor*. Dam me if't be not the beſt that euer came from me, if I haue any iudgement, looke ſir, tis an *Epithalamium* for Sir *Walter Terrels* wedding, my braines haue giuen aſſault to it but this morning.

*Aſin*. Then I hope to ſee them flye out like gun-powder ere night.

*Hor*. Nay good roague marke, for they are the beſt lynes that euer I drew.

*Aſin*. Heer's the beſt leaſe in England, but on, on, Ile but tune this Pipe.

*Hor*. Marke, *to thee whoſe fore-head ſwels with Roſes*.

*Aſin*. O ſweet, but will there be no exceptions taken, becauſe fore-head and ſwelling comes together?

*Hor*. Puſh, away, away, its proper, beſides tis an elegancy to ſay the fore head ſwels.

*Aſin*. Nay an't be proper, let it ſtand for Gods loue.

*Hor*. Whoſe moſt haunted bower,
Giues life and ſent to euery flower.
Whoſe moſt adored name incloſes,
Things abſtruſe, deep and diuine.
Whoſe yellow treſſes ſhine,

Bright

Bright as *Eoan* fire.

*Asini.* O pure, rich, ther's heate in this, on, on.

*Hor.* Bright as *Eoan* fire,
O me thy Priest inspire!
For I to thee and thine immortall name---*marke this.*
In flowing numbers fild with spryte and flame.

*Asini.* I mary, ther's spryte and flame in this.

*Ho.* A pox, a this Tobacco.

*Asin.* Wod this case were my last, if I did not marke, nay all's one, I haue alwayes a consort of Pypes about me, myne Ingle is all fire and water; I markt, by this Candle (which is none of Gods Angels) I remember, you started back at sprite and flame.

*Hor.* For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In flowing numbers fild with sprite and flame,
To thee Loues mightiest King,
*Himen* ô *Himen* does our chaste Muse sing.

*Asin.* Ther's musicke in this;

*Hor.* Marke now deare *Asinius.*
Let these virgins quickly see thee,
Leading out the Bride,
Though theyr blushing cheekes they hide,
Yet with kisses will they see thee,
To vntye theyr Virgin zone,
They grieue to lye alone.

*Asini.* So doe I by *Venus.*

*Hor.* Yet with kisses wil they see thee, my Muse has marcht (deare roague) no farder yet: but how ist? how ist? nay prethee good *Asinius* deale plainly, doe not flatter me, come, how?——

*Asin.* If I haue any iudgement:

*Hor.* Nay look you Sir, and then follow a troope of other rich and labour'd conceipts, oh the end shall be admirable! but how ist sweet *Bubo*, how, how?

*Ho*. In flowing numbers fild with ſprite and flame,
To thee.

*Aſini*. To me? I pledge thee ſweet Ningle, by *Bacchus* quaffing boule, I thought th'adſt drunke to me.

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*Ho.* A pox, a this Tobacco.

*Asin.* Wod this case were my last, if I did not marke, nay all's one, I haue alwayes a consort of Pypes about me, myne Ingle is all fire and water; I markt, by this Candle (which is none of Gods Angels) I remember, you started back at sprite and flame.

*Hor.* For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In flowing numbers fild with sprite and flame,
To thee Loues mightiest King,
*Himen* ô *Himen* does our chaste Muse sing.

*Asin.* Ther's musicke in this;

*Hor.* Marke now deare *Asinius.*
Let these virgins quickly see thee,
Leading out the Bride,
Though theyr blushing cheekes they hide,
Yet with kisses will they see thee,
To vntye theyr Virgin zone,
They grieue to lye alone.

*Asini.* So doe I by *Venus.*

*Hor.* Yet with kisses wil they see thee, my Muse has marcht (deare roague) no farder yet: but how ist? how ist? nay prethee good *Asinius* deale plainly, doe not flatter me, come, how?——

*Asin.* If I haue any iudgement:

*Hor.* Nay look you Sir, and then follow a troope of other rich and labour'd conceipts, oh the end shall be admirable! but how ist sweet *Bubo*, how, how?

*Aſini.* If I haue any Iudgement, tis the beſt ſtuffe that euer dropt from thee.

*Hor.* You ha ſeene my Acroſticks?

*Aſi.* Ile put vp my pypes and then Ile ſee any thing.

*Hor.* Th'aſt a Coppy of mine Odes to, haſt not Bubo?

*Aſi.* Your odes? O that which you ſpake by word a mouth at th'ordinary, when Muſco the gull cryed Mew at it:

*Hor.* A pox on him poore braineles Rooke: and you remember, I tolde him his wit lay at pawne with his new Sattin ſute, and both would be loſt, for not fetching home by a day.

*Aſi.* At which he would faine ha bluſht but that his painted cheekes would not let him.

*Hor.* Nay ſirra the Palinode, which I meane to ſtitch to my Reuels, ſhall be the beſt and ingenious peece that euer I ſwet for; ſtay roague, Ile fat thy ſpleane and make it plumpe with laughter.

*Aſi.* Shall I? ſayth Ningle, ſhall I ſee thy ſecrets?

*Hor.* Puh my friends.

*Aſi.* But what fardle's that? what fardle's that?

*Hor.* Fardle, away, tis my packet; heere lyes intoomb'd the loues of Knights and Earles, heere tis, heere tis, heere tis, Sir Walter Terils letter to me, and my anſwere to him: I no ſooner opened his letter, but there appeared to me three glorious Angels, whome I adorn'd, as ſubiectes doe their Soueraignes: the honeſt knight Angles for my acquaintance, with ſuch golden baites —— but why dooſt laugh my good roague? how is my anſwere, prethee, how, how?

*Aſi.* Anſwere, as God iudge me Ningle, for thy wit thou mayſt anſwer any Iuſtice of peace in England I warrant; thou writ'ſt in a moſt goodly big hand too, I like that, & readſt as leageably as ſome that haue bin ſau'd by their neck-verſe.

*Hor.* But how doſt like the Kinghts inditing?

*Aſi.* If I haue any iudgement; a pox ont, heer's worſhipfull

full lynes indeed, heer's ſtuffe: but ſirra Ningle, of what faſhion is this knights wit, of what blocke?

*Aſi.* Why you ſee; wel, wel, an ordinary Ingenuity, a good wit for a knight, you know how, before God I am haunted with ſome the moſt pittyfull dry gallants. (a far off.

*Aſi im* Troth ſo I think; good peeces of lantskip, ſhew beſt

*Hor.* I, I, I, excellent ſumpter horſes, carry good cloaths; but honeſt roague, come, what news, what newes abroad? I haue heard a the horſes walking a'th top of Paules.

*Aſi.* Ha ye? why the Captain Tucca rayles vpon you moſt prepoſterouſly behinde your backe, did you not heare him?

*Ho.* A pox vpon him: by the white & ſoft hand of *Minerua*, Ile make him the moſt ridiculous: dam me if I bring not's humor ath ſtage: &—ſcuruy lymping tongu'd captaine, poor greaſie buffe ſerkin, hang him: tis out of his Element to traduce me: I am too well ranckt *Aſinius* to bee ſtab'd with his dudgion wit: ſirra, Ile compoſe an Epigram vpon him, ſhall goe thus ——

*Aſi.* Nay I ha more news, ther's Criſpinus & his Iorney-man Poet Demetrius Faninus too, they ſweare they'll bring your life & death vpon'th ſtage like a Bricklayer in a play.

*Hor.* Bubo they muſt preſſe more valiant wits than theyr own! to do it: me ath ſtage? ha, ha. Ile ſtarte thence poore copper-lace workmaſters, that dare play me: I can bring (& that they quake at) a prepar'd troope of gallants, who for my ſake ſhal diſtaſte euery vnſalted line, in their fly-blowne Comedies

*Aſi.* Nay that's certaine, ile bring 100. gallants of my ranke

*Hor.* That ſame Criſpinus is the fillieſt Dor, and Faninus the ſlighteſt cob-web-lawne peece of a Poet, oh God!
Why ſhould I care what euery Dor doth buz.
Incredulous eares, it is a crowne to me,
That the beſt iudgements can report me wrong'd.

*Aſi.* I am one of them that can report it:

*Hor.* I thinke but what they are, and am not moou'd.

The one a light voluptuous Reueler,
The other, a ſtrange arrogating puffe,
Both impudent, and arrogant enough.

*Aſin.* S'lid do not Crincus Reuel in theſe lynes, ha Ningle ha? *Knocking.*

*Hor.* Yes, they're mine owne.

*Criſ.* Horrace.

*Dem.* Flaccus.

*Criſ.* Horrace, not vp yet;

*Hor.* Peace, tread ſoftly, hyde my Papers; who's this ſo early?
Some of my rookes, ſome of my guls?

*Criſ.* Horrace, Flaccus.

*Hor.* Who's there? ſtay, treade ſoftly: *Wat Terill* on my life: who's there? my gowne ſweete roague, ſo, come vp, come in.

*Enter* Criſpinus *and* Demetrius.

*Criſ.* God morrow Horrace.

*Hor.* O, God ſaue you gallants.

*Criſ.* *Aſinius* Bubo well met.

*Aſin.* Nay I hope ſo Criſpinus, yet I was ſicke a quarter of a yeare a goe of a vehement great tooth-atch: a pox ont, it bit me vilye, as God ſa me ſa I knew twas you by your knocking ſo ſoone as I ſaw you; Demetrius Fannius, wil you take a whiffe this morning? I haue tickling geare now, heer's that will play with your noſe, and a pype of mine owne ſcowring too.

*Dem.* I, and a Hodgſhead too of your owne, but that will neuer be ſcowred cleane I feare.

*Aſin.* I burnt my pype yeſternight, and twas neuer vſde ſince, if you will tis at your ſeruice gallants, and Tobacco too, tis right pudding I can tell you; a Lady or two, tooke a pype full or two at my hands, and praizde it for the Heauens, ſhall

I fill

I fill Flannius?

*Dem.* I thanke you good Asinius for your loue,
I fildome take that Phisicke, tis enough
Hauing so much foole to take him in snuffe.

*Hor.* Good Bubo read some booke, and giue vs leaue.---

*As.* Leaue haue you deare Ningle, marry for reading any book Ile take my death vpon't (as my Ningle sayes) tis out of my Elemẽt: no faith, euer since I felt one hit me ith teeth that the greatest Clarkes are not the wisest men, could I abide to goe to Schoole, I was at *As in presenti* and left there: yet because Ile not be counted a worse foole then I am, Ile turne ouer a new leafe.

*Asinius reads and takes Tobacco.*

*Hor.* To see my fate, that when I dip my pen
In distilde Roses, and doe striue to dreine,
Out of myne Inke all gall; that when I wey
Each sillable I write or speake, because
Mine enemies with sharpe and searching eye:
Looke through & through me, carning my poore labours
Like an Anotomy: Oh heauens to see,
That when my lines are measur'd out as straight
As euen Paralels, tis strange that still,
Still some imagine they are drawne awry.
The error is not mine, but in their eye,
That cannot take proportions.

*Cris.* Horrace, Horrace,
To stand within the shot of galling tongues,
Proues not your gilt, for could we write on paper,
Made of these turning leaues of heauen, the cloudes,
Or speake with Angels tongues: yet wise men know,
That some would shake the head, tho Saints should sing,
Some snakes must hisse, because they're borne with stings.

*Hor.* Tis true.

*Cris.* Doe we not see fooles laugh at heauen? and mocke

The makers workmanſhip; be not you grieu'd
If that which you molde faire, vpright and ſmooth,
Be skrwed awry, made crooked, lame and vile,
By racking coments, and calumnious tongues,
So to be bit it rankles not: for innocence
May with a feather bruſh off the fouleſt wrongs.
But when your daſtard wit will ſtrike at men
In corners, and in riddles folde the vices
Of your beſt friends, you muſt not take to heart,
If they take off all gilding from their pilles,
And onely offer you the bitter Coare.

*Hor.* Criſpinus.

*Cri.* Say that you haue not ſworne vnto your Paper,
To blot her white cheekes with her dregs and bottome
Of your friends priuate vices: ſay you ſweare
Your loue and your aleageance to bright vertue
Makes you deſcend ſo low, as to put on
The Office of an Executioner,
Onely to ſtrike off the head of ſinne,
Where ere you finde it ſtanding,
Say you ſweare;
And make damnation parcell of your oath,
That when your laſhing ieſtes make all men bleed;
Yet you whip none. Court, Citty, country, friends,
Foes, all muſt ſmart alike; yet Court, nor Citty,
Nor foe, nor friend, dare winch at you; great pitty.

*Dem.* If you ſweare, dam me Faninus, or Criſpinus,
Or to the law (*Our kingdomes golden chaine*)
To Poets dam me, or to Players dam me,
If I brand you, or you, tax you, ſcourge you:
I wonder then, that of fiue hundred, foure hundred fiue,
Should all point with their fingers in one inſtant
At one and the ſame man?

*Hor.* Deare Faninus.

*Dem.*

*Dem.* Come, you cannot excuſe it.

*Hor.* Heare me, I can ——

*Dem.* You muſt daube on thicke collours then to hide it.

*Criſ.* We come like your Phiſitions, to purge
Your ſicke and daungerous minde of her diſeaſe.

*Dem.* In troth we doe, out of our loues we come,
And not reuenge, but if you ſtrike vs ſtill,
We muſt defend our reputations:
Our pens ſhall like our ſwords be alwayes ſheath'd,
Vnleſſe too much prouockt, Horace if then
They draw bloud of you, blame vs not, we are men:
Come, let thy Muſe beare vp a ſmoother ſayle,
Tis the eaſieſt and the baſeſt Arte to raile.

*Hor.* Deliuer me your hands. I loue you both,
As deare as my owne ſoule, prooue me, and when
I ſhall traduce you, make me the ſcorne of men.

*Both.* Enough, we are friends.

*Cri.* What reads Aſinius?

*Aſi.* By my troth heer's an excellent comfortable booke, it's moſt ſweet reading in it.

*Dem.* Why, what does it ſmell of Bubo?

*Aſi.* Mas it ſmels of Roſe-leaues a little too.

*Hor.* Then it muſt needs be a ſweet booke, he would faine perfume his ignorance.

*Aſi.* I warrant he had wit in him that pen'd it.

*Criſ.* Tis good yet a foole will confeſſe truth.

*Aſi.* The whoorſon made me meete with a hard ſtile in two or three places as I went ouer him.

*Dem.* I beleeue thee, for they had need to be very lowe & eaſie Stiles of wit that thy braines goe ouer.

*Enter* Blunt *and* Tucca.

*Blun.* Wher's this gallant? Morrow Gentlemen: what's this deuiſe done yet Horace?

*Hor.* Gods

*Hor.* Gods so, what meane you to let this fellow dog you into my Chamber?

*Blun.* Oh, our honest Captayne, come, prethee let vs see.

*Tuc.* Why you bastards of nine whoores, the Muses, why doe you walk heere in this gorgeous gallery of gallant inuentions, with that whoreson poore lyme & hayre- rascall? why——

*Cris.* O peace good tucca, we are all sworne friends,

*Tuc.* Sworne, that Iudas yonder that walkes in Rug, will dub you Knights ath poste, if you serue vnder his band of oaths, the copper-fact rascal wil for a good supper out sweare twelue dozen of graund Iuryes.

*Blun.* A pox ont, not done yet, and bin about it three dayes?

*Hor.* By Iesu within this houre, saue you Captayne Tucca.

*Tuc.* Dam thee, thou thin bearded Hermaphrodite, dam thee, Ile saue my selfe for one I warrant thee, is this thy Tub Diogines?

*Hor.* Yes Captaine this is my poore lodging.

*Asin.* *Morrow Captaine Tucca*, will you whiffe this morning?

*Tuc.* Art thou there goates pizzel; no godambercy Caine I am for no whiffs I, come hether sheep-skin-weauer, s'foote thou lookst as though th'adst beg'd out of a Iayle: drawe, I meane not thy face (for tis not worth drawing) but drawe neere: this way, martch, follow your commannder you scoundrell: So, thou must run of an errand for mee Mephostophiles.

*Hor.* To doe you pleasure Captayne I will, but whether

*Tuc.* To hell, thou knowst the way, to hell my fire and brimstone, to hell; dost stare my Sarsens-head at Newgate?

dost

doo gloate? Ile march through thy dunkirkes guts, for ſhooting ieſtes at me.

*Hor.* Deare Captaine but one word.

*Tuc.* Out bench-whiſtler out, ile not take thy word for a dagger Pye: you browne-bread-mouth ſtinker, ile teach thee to turne me into Bankes his horſe, and to tell gentlemen I am a lugler, and can ſhew trickes.

*Hor.* Captaine Tucca, but halfe a word in your eare.

*Tuc.* No you ſtaru'd raſcal, thou't bite off mine eares then, you muſt haue three or foure ſuites of names, when like a lowſie Pediculous vermin th'aſt but one ſuite to thy backe: you muſt be call'd Aſper, and Criticus, and Horace, thy tytle's longer a reading then the Stile a the big Turkes: Aſper, Criticus, Quintus, Horatius, Flacucs.

*Hor.* Captaine I know vpon what euen baſes I ſtand, and therefore ——

*Tuc.* Baſes? wud the roague were but ready for me.

*Blun.* Nay prethee deare Tucca, come you ſhall ſhake——

*Tuc.* Not hands with great Hunkes there, not hands, but Ile ſhake the gull-groper out of his tan'd skinne.

*Criſp. & Deme.* For our ſake Captaine, nay prethee holde.

*Tuc.* Thou wrongſt heere a good honeſt raſcall Criſpinus, and a poore varlet Demetrius Fannius (bretheren in thine owne trade of Poetry) thou ſayſt Criſpinus Sattin dublet is Reauel'd out heere, and that this penurious ſneaker is out at elboes, goe two my good full mouth' d ban-dog, Ile ha thee friends with both.

*Hor.* With all my heart captaine Tucca, and with you too, Ile laye my handes vnder your feete, to keepe them from aking.

*Omnes.* Can you haue any more?

*Tuc.* Saiſt thou me ſo, olde Coale come? doo't then; yet tis no matter neither, Ile haue thee in league firſt with theſe two

rowly powlies: they ſhal be thy Damons and thou their pithy-aſſe; Criſpinus ſhall giue thee an olde caſt Sattin ſuite, and Demetrius ſhall write thee a Scene or two, in one of thy ſtrong garlicke Comedies; and thou ſhalt take the guilt of conſcience for't, and ſweare tis thine owne olde lad, tis thine owne: thou neuer yet fels't into the hands of ſattin, didſt?

*Hor* Neuer Captaine I thanke God.

*Tuc* Goe too, thou ſhalt now King Gorboduck, thou ſhalt, becauſe Ile ha thee damn'd, Ile ha thee all in Sattin: Aſper, Criticus, Quintus, Horatius, Flaccus, Criſpinus ſhal doo't, thou ſhalt doo't, heyre apparant of Helicon, thou ſhalt doo't.

*Aſi.* Mine Ingle weare an olde caſt Sattin ſuite?

*Tuc.* I wafer-face your Ningle.

*Aſi.* If he carry the minde of a Gentleman, he'll ſcorne it at's heeles.

*Tuc.* Mary muffe, my man a ginger-bread, wilt eate any ſmall coale?

*Aſ.* No Captaine, wod you ſhould well know it, great coale ſhall not fill my bellie.

*Tuc.* Scorne it, doſt ſcorne to be arreſted at one of his olde Suites?

*Hor.* No Captaine, Ile weare any thing.

*Tuc.* I know thou wilt, I know th'art an honeſt low minded Pigmey, for I ha ſeene thy ſhoulders lapt in a Plaiers old caſt Cloake, like a Slie knaue as thou art: and when thou ranſt mad for the death of Horatio: thou borrowedſt a gowne of Roſcius the Stager, (that honeſt Nicodemus) and ſentſt it home lowſie, didſt not? *Reſponde*, didſt not?

*Blun.* So, ſo, no more of this, within this houre ——

*Hor.* If I can ſound retreate to my wits, with whome this leader is in skirmiſh, Ile end within this houre.

*Tuc.* What wut end? wut hang thy ſelfe now? has he not writ Finis yet Iacke? what will he bee fifteene weekes about this Cockatrices egge too? has hee not cackeld yet? not laide

laide yet?

*Blunt.* Not yet, hee ſweares hee will within this houre.

*Tuc.* His wittes are ſomewhat hard bound: the Puncke his Muſe has ſore labour ere the whoore bee deliuered: the poore ſaffron-cheeke Sun-burnt Gipſie wantes Phiſicke; giue the hungrie-face pudding-pye-eater ten Pilles: ten ſhillings my faire Angelica, they'l make his Muſe as yare as a tumbler.

*Blu.* He ſhall not want for money if heele write.

*Tuc.* Goe by Ieronimo, goe by; and heere, drop the ten ſhillings into this Baſon; doe, drop, when lacke? hee ſhall call me his Mœcenas: beſides, Ile dam vp's Ouen-mouth for rayling at's: So, is't right lacke? iſt ſterling? fall off now to the vauward of yonder foure Stinkers, and aske alowde if wee ſhall goe? the Knight ſhall defray Iacke, the Knight when it comes to *Summa totalis*, the Knyght, the Knight.——

*Blu.* Well Gentlemen, we'll leaue you, ſhall we goe Captaine? good Horrace make ſome haſt.

*Hor.* Ile put on wings.

*Aſin.* I neuer ſawe mine Ingle ſo daſht in my life before.

*Cris.* Yes once Aſinius.

*Aſi.* Mas you ſay true, hee was daſht worſe once going (in a rainy day) with a ſpeech to'th Tilt-yard, by Gods lyd has call'd him names, a dog would not put vp, that had any diſcreation.

*Tuc.* Holde, holde vp thy hand, I ha ſeene the day thou didſt not ſcorne to holde vp thy golles: ther's a Souldiers Spur-royall, twelue pence: Stay, becauſe I know thou canſt not write without quick-ſiluer; vp agen, this goll agen, I giue thee double preſſe-money: Stay, becauſe I know thou haſt a noble head, Ile deuide my Crowne, ô royall Porrex, ther's a

teſton more; goe, thou and thy Muſe munch, doe, munch; come my deare Mandrake, if Skeldring fall not to decay, thou ſhalt floriſh: farewell my ſweet *Amadis de Gaule*, farewell.

*Hor.* Deare Captaine.

*Tuc.* Come lacke.

*Dem.* Nay Captaine ſtay, we are of your band.

*Tuc.* March faire then:

*Cri.* Horace farewell, adue Aſinius *Exeunt.*

*Aſi.* Ningle lets goe to ſome Tauerne, and dine together, for my ſtomacke riſes at this ſcuruy leather Captaine.

*Hor.* No, they haue choakt me with mine owne diſgrace, Which (fooles) ile ſpit againe euen in your face. *Exeunt*

*Enter* Sir Quintilian Shorthoſe, Sir Adam, Sir Vaughan, Mineuer *with ſeruingmen.*

*Sir quinti.* Knaues, Varlets, what Lungis, giue me a dozen of ſtooles there.

*Sir Vau.* Seſu pleſſe vs all in our fiue ſences a peece, what meane yee ſir Kintilian Sorthoſe to ſtand ſo much on a dozen ſtooles, heere be not preeches inuffe to hyde a dozen ſtooles, vnleſſe you wiſſe ſome of vs preake his ſinnes.

*Sir quin.* I ſay ſir Vaughan no ſhinne ſhal be broken heer; what lungis, a chayre with a ſtronge backe, and a ſoft belly, great with childe, with a cuſhion for this reuerend Lady.

*Mineu.* God neuer gaue me the grace to be a Lady, yet I ha beene worſhipt in my conſcience to my face a thouſand times, I cannot denye ſir Vaughan, but that I haue all implements, belonging to the vocation of a Lady.

*Sir Vaughan.* I truſt miſtris Mineuer you haue all a honeſt oman ſhud haue?

*Min.* Yes perdie, as my Coach, and my fan, and a man

or

or two that ſerue my turne, and other things which Ide bee loath euery one ſhould ſee, becauſe they ſhal not be common, I am in manner of a Lady in one point.

*Sir Vaug.* I pray miſtris Mineuers, let vs all ſee that point for our better vnderſtanding.

*Mi.* For I ha ſome thinges that were fetcht (I am ſure) as farre as ſome of the Low-Countries, and I payde ſweetly for them too, and they tolde me they were good for Ladies.

*Sir qui.* And much good do't thy good heart faire widdow with them.

*Min.* I am fayre enough to bee a Widdow, Sir Quintilian.

*Sir Vaug.* In my ſoule and conſcience, and well fauoured enough to be a Lady: heere is ſir Quintilian Sorthoſe, and heere is ſir Adam Prickſhaft, a ſentleman of a very good braine, and well headed: you ſee he ſhootes his bolt ſildome, but when Adam lets goe, he hits: and heere is ſir Vaughan ap Rees, and I beleeue if God ſud take vs all from his mercy, as I hope hee will not yet; we all three loue you, at the bottome of our bellyes, and our hearts: and therefore miſtris Mineuer, if you pleaſe, you ſhall be knighted by one of vs, whom you ſall deſire to put into your deuice and minde.

*Min.* One I muſt haue ſir Vaughan.

*Sir qu n.* And one of vs thou ſhalt haue widdow.

*Min.* One I muſt haue, for now euery one ſeekes to crow ouer me.

*Sir Vaug.* By Seſu and if I finde any crowing ouer you, & he were a cocke (come out as farre as in Turkeys country) tis poſſible to cut his combe off.

*Min.* I muſe why ſir Adam Prickſhaft flyes ſo farre from vs.

*Sir Adam.* I am in a browne ſtudy, my deare, if loue ſhould bee turned into a beaſt, what beaſt hee were fit to bee turned into.

*Sir quint.*

*Sir quinti.* I thinke Sir Adam an Aſſe, becauſe of his beating.

*Min.* I thinke (ſauing your reuerence) Sir Adam a puppy, for a dog is the moſt louing creature to a chriſtian that is, vnles it be a childe.

*Sir Ad.* No, I thinke if loue ſhould bee turn'd away, and goe to ſerue any beaſt, it muſt bee an Ape, and my reaſon ——

*Sir Vaugh.* Sir Adam, an Ape? ther's no more reaſon in an Ape, than in a very plaine Monkey; for an Ape has no tayle, but we all know, or tis our duty to know, loue has two tailes; In my iudſiment, if loue be a beaſt, that beaſt is a bunce of Reddis; for a bunce of Reddis is wiſe meate without Mutton, and ſo is loue.

*Mi.* Ther's the yawning Captaine (ſauing your reuerence that has ſuch a ſore mouth) would one day needes perſwade me, that loue was a Rebato; and his reaſon was (ſauing your reuerence) that a Rebato was worne out with pinning too often; and ſo he ſaid loue was.

*Sir Vaugh.* And Maſter Captaine Tucca ſayd wiſely too, loue is a Rebato indeede: a Rebato muſt be poaked; now many women weare Rebatoes, and many that weare Rebatoes ——

*Sir Adam.* Muſt be poakt.

*Sir Vau.* Sir Adam Prickſhaft has hit the cloute. *Muſicke*

*Sir qui.* The Muſicke ſpeakes to vs, we'll haue a daunce before dinner.

*Enter* Sir Walter Terrill, Cœleſtine, Blunt, Criſpinus, *and* Demetrius, *euery one with a Lady.*

*All.* The King's at hand.

*Ter.* Father the King's at hand.
Muſicke talke lowder, that thy ſiluer voice,
May reach my Soueraignes eares.

*Sir Vaug.* I pray doe ſo, Muſitions beſtir your fingers, that you



*Kaue* Good words ſir Vaughant, thats by interpretation in

you may haue vs all by the eares.

*Sir quin.* His Grace comes, a Hall varlets, where be my men? blow, blow your colde Trumpets till they sweate; tickle them till they sound agen.

*Blun.* Be't goe meete his Grace.

*All.* Agreed.

*Sir Vaug.* Pray all stand bare, as well men as women: Sir Adam is best you hide your head for feare your wise braines take key-colde: on afore Sir Kintilian; Sendemen fall in before he Ladyes, in seemely order and fashion; so this is comeye.

*Enter Trumpets sounding, they goe to the doore, and meete the King and his Traine, and whilst the Trumpets sound the King is welcom'd, kisses the Bride, and honors the Bridegroome in dumbe shew.*

*King.* Nay if your pleasures shrinke at sight of vs,
We shall repent this labour, Mistris Bride
You that for speaking but one word to day,
Must loose your head at night; you that doe stand
Taking your last leaue of virginity;
You that being well begun, must not be Maide:
Winne you the Ladies, I the men will woee,
Our selfe will leade my blushing Bride with you.

*Sir Vaughan.* God blesse your Maiesty, and send you to be a long King William Rufus ouer vs, when he sees his times & pleasures.

*King.* Wee thanke you good Sir Vaughan, wee will take your meaning not your words.

*Sir quint.* Lowde Musicke there.

*Sir Vau.* I am glad your Maiesty will take any thing at my hands; my words I trust in Sesu, are spoken betweene my soule and body together, and haue neither Felonies nor treasons about them, I hope.

*Kin.* Good words Sir Vaughan, I prethee giue vs leaue.

*Sir Vau.* Good



*Kin.* That turne faire Bride shews you must turne at night.

*Vaug.* Good words ſir Vau han' thats by interpertation in engliſh, you'r beſt giue good words ſir Vaughan: god and his Anſells bleſſe me, what ayles his maieſtye to be ſo tedious and difficult in his right mindes now, I holde my life that fi le raſcall-rymer Horace hath puzd and puzd aboue a hundred merie tales and lyce, into his great and princely eares: by god and he vſe it, his being Phœbus prieſt cannot ſaue him, if hee were his Sapline too ide preaſe vpon his coxcomb: good lord bleſſe me out of his maieſties celler: King Williams, I hope tis none offences to make a ſupplication to god a mightie for your long life: for by ſheſu I haue no meaning in't in all the world, vnles raſcalls be here that will haue your grace take ſhalke for ſhees, and vnleſſe Horace has sent lyce to your maieſty.

*King* Horace, what's he ſir Vaughan?

*Vaugh*; As hard-fauourd a fellow as your maieſtie has ſeene in a ſommers day: he does pen, an't pleaſe your grace, toyes that will not pleaſe your grace; tis a Poet, we call them Bardes in our Countrie, ſinges ballads and rymes, and I was mightie ſealous, that his Inke which is blacke and full of gall, had brought my name to your maieſtie, and ſo lifted vp your hye and princely coller.

*King* I neither know that Horace, nor mine anger,
If as thou ſaiſt our highand princely choller
Be vp, wee'l tread it downe with daunces; Ladies
Looſe not your men; faire meaſures muſt be tread,
When by ſo faire a dauncer you are lead.

*Vaugh.* Miſtris Miniuer:

*Min* Perdie ſir Vaughan I cannot dance.

*Vaugh.* Perdie by this Miniuer cappe, and acording to his maſeſties leaue too, you ſall be put in among theiſe Ladies, & daunce ere long I treſt in god, the ſaking of the ſeetes.

*They daunce a ſtraine, and whilſt the other keepe on, the King and Celeſtine ſtay.*

*King* That

*Kin.* That turne faire Bride shews you must turne at night,
In that sweet daunce which steales away delight.
*Cel.* Then pleasure is a theife, a fit, a feauer:
*Kin.* True, he's the thiefe, but women the receiuer.

*Another change; they fall in, the rest goe on.*

*Kin.* This change sweet Maide, saies you must change
As Virgins doe. (your life,
*Cel.* Virgins nere change their life,
She that is wiu'd a maide, is Maide and wife.
*Kin.* But she that dyes a Maide;——
*Cel.* Thrice happy then.
*Kin.* Leades Apes in hell.
*Cel.* Better leade Apes then men.

*At this third change they end, and she meetes the King.*

*Kin.* Well met.
*Cel.* Tis ouertaken.
*Kin.* Why faire sweet?
*Cel.* Women are ouertaken when they meete;
*Kin.* Your bloud speakes like a coward.
*Cel.* It were good,
If euery Maiden blush, had such a bloud.
*Kin.* A coward bloud, why whom should maidens feare?
*Ce.* Men, were Maides cowards, they'd not come so nere,
My Lord the Measure's done, I pleade my duetie.
*Kin.* Onelie my heart takes measure of thy beautie.
*Sir quin.* Now by my hose I sweare, that's no deepe oath,
This was a fine sweet earth-quake gentlie moou'd,
By the soft winde of whispring Silkes: come Ladies,
Whose ioynts are made out of the dauncing Orbes,
Come, follow me, walke a colde measure now;

In the Brides Chamber; your hot beautie's melt,
Take euerie one her fan, giue them their places,
And waue the Northerne winde vpon your faces.

*Celeſtine and all the Ladyes doing obeyſance to the King, who onely kiſſes her, Exeunt, Skort-hoſe manning them, the Gallants ſtand aloofe.*

*Kin.* Sir Walter Terrill.
*Ter.* My confirmed Leige
*Ki.* Beautie out of her bountie, thee hath lent,
More then her owne with liberall extent.
*Ter.* What meanes my Lord?
*Kin.* Thy Bride, thy choice, thy wife,
She that is now thy fadom, thy new world,
That brings thee people, and makes little ſubiects;
Kneele at thy feete, obay in euerie thing,
So euerie Father is a priuate King.
*Ter.* My Lord, her beauty is the pooreſt part,
Chieflie her vertues did endowe my heart.
*Kin.* Doe not back-bite her beauties, they all ſhine,
Brighter on thee, becauſe the beames are thine,
To thee more faire, to others her two lips
Shew like a parted Moone in thine Eclipſe;
That glaunce, which louers mongſt themſelues deuiſe,
Walkes as inuiſible to others eies:
Giue me thine eare.
*Cri.* What meanes the King?
*Dem.* Tis a quaint ſtraine.
*Ter.* My Lord.
*Kin.* Thou darſt not Wat.
*Ter.* She is too courſe an obiect for the Court.
*Kin.* Thou darſt not VVat: let to night be to morrow,
*Ter.* For ſhee's not yet mine owne.

*King.* Thou

*Kin.* Thou darſt not Wat?
*Ter.* My Lord I dare, but ——
*King.* But I ſee thou darſt not.
*Ter.* This night.
*King.* Yea, this night, tush thy minde repaires not,
The more thou talk'ſt of night, the more thou darſt not;
Thus farre I tend, I wod but turne this ſpheare,
Of Ladies eyes, and place it in the Court,
Where thy faire Bride ſhould for the Zodiacke ſhine,
And euery Lady elſe ſit for a ſigne.
But all thy thoughts are yellow, thy ſweet bloud
Rebels, th'art iealous Wat; thus with proude reuels
To emmulate the masking firmament,
VVhere Starres dance in the ſiluer Hall of heauen,
Thy pleaſure ſhould be ſeaſoned, and thy bed
Relish thy Bride, But, but thou darſt not VVat.
*Ter.* My Loord I dare.
*Kin.* Speake that agen.
*Ter.* I dare.
*Kin.* Agen kinde VVat, and then I know thou darſt.
*Ter.* I dare and will by that ioynt holy oath,
VVhich ſhe and I ſwore to the booke of heauen.
This very day when the ſurueying Sunne,
Riz like a witnes to her faith and mine,
By all the loyalty that ſubiects owe
To Maieſty, by that, by this, by both,
I ſweare to make a double guarded oath,
This night vntainted by the touch of man,
She ſhall a Virgin come.
*Kin.* To Court? *Ter.* To Court.
I know I tooke a woman to my wife,
And I know women to be earthly Moones,
That neuer ſhine till night, I know they change
Their Orbes (their husbands) and in fickiſh hearts,

In the Brides Chamber; your hot beautie's melt,
Take euerie one her fan, giue them their places,
And waue the Northerne winde vpon your faces.

*Celeſtine and all the Ladyes doing obeyſance to the King, who onely kiſſes her, Exeunt, Skort-hoſe manning them, the Gallants ſtand aloofe.*

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This night vntainted by the touch of man,
She ſhall a Virgin come.

*Kin.* To Court? *Ter.* To Court.

I know I tooke a woman to my wife,
And I know women to be earthly Moones,
That neuer ſhine till night, I know they change
Their Orbes (their husbands) and in fickiſh hearts,

Steale to their ſweete Endimions, to be cur'd
With better Phiſicke, ſweeter dyet drinkes,
Then home can miniſter: all this I know
Yet know not all, but giue me leaue O King,
To boaſt of mine, and ſaie that I know none;
I haue a woman but not ſuch a one.

*Kin.* Why, ſhe's confirmed in thee; I now approoue her,
If conſtant in thy thoughts who then can moone her?

*Enter* Sir Quintilian.

*Sir qui.* Wilt pleaſe your Highnes take your place within,
The Ladies attend the Table.

*Kin.* I goe good Knight; Wat thy oath.

*Ter.* My Lord,
My oath's my honour, my honour is my life,
My oath is conſtant, ſo I hope my wife. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Horace *in his true attyre*, Aſinius *bearing his Cloake.*

*Aſi.* If you flye out Ningle, heer's your Cloake; I thinke it raines too.

*Ho.* Hide my ſhoulders in't.

*Aſi.* Troth ſo th'adſt neede, for now thou art in thy Pee and Kue; thou haſt ſuch a villanous broad backe, that I warrant th'art able to beare away any mans ieſtes in England.

*Hor.* It's well Sir, I ha ſtrength to beare yours mee thinkes; fore God you are growne a piece of a Critiſt, ſince you fell into my hands: ah little roague, your wit has pickt vp her crums prettie and well.

*Aſi.* Yes faith, I finde my wit a the mending hand Ningle; troth I doe not thinke but to proceede Poetaſter next Commencement, if I haue my grace perfectlie: euerie one that confer with me now, ſtop their noſe in merriment and ſweare I ſmell ſomewhat of Horace; one calles me Horaces Ape, another Horaces Beagle, and ſuch Poeticall names it paſſes. I was

but

but at Barbers laſt day, and when he was rencing my face, did but crie out, fellow thou makſt me *Commixe* too long, & ſayes he ſayes hyee, Maſter *Aſinius Bubo*, you haue eene Horaces wordes as right as if he had ſpit them into your mouth.

*Hor.* VVell, away deare Aſinius, deliuer this letter to the young Gallant *Druſo*, he that fell ſo ſtrongly in loue with mee yeſternight.

*Aſin.* It's a ſweete Muske-cod, a pure ſpic'd-gull; by this feather I pittie his *Ingenuities*; but haſt writ all this ſince Ningle? I know thou haſt a good running head and thou liſteſt.

*Hor.* Foh come, your great belly'd wit muſt long for euery thing too; why you *Rooke*, I haue a ſet of letters readie ſtarcht to my hands, which to any freſh ſuited gallant that but newlie enters his name into my rowle, I ſend the next morning, ere his tena clocke dreame has rize from him, onelie with claping my hand to't, that my Nouice ſhall ſtart, ho and his haire ſtand an end, when hee ſees the ſodaine flaſh of my writing; what you prettie Diminitiue roague, we muſt haue falſe fiers to amaze theſe ſpangle babies, theſe true heires of Ma. Iuſtice Shallow.

*Aſi.* I wod alwaies haue thee ſawce a foole thus.

*Hor.* Away, and, ſtay: heere be Epigrams vpon Tucca, divulge theſe among the gallants; as for Criſpinus, that Criſpin-aſſe and Fannius his Play-dreſſer; who (to make the Muſes beleeue, their ſubiects eares were ſtaru'd, and that there was a dearth of Poeſie) cut an Innocent Moore i'th middle, to ſerue him in twice; & when he had done, made Poules-worke of it, as for theſe Twynnes theſe *Poet-apes*:

Their Mimicke trickes ſhall ſerue
With mirth to feaſt our Muſe, whilſt their owne ſtarue.

*Aſin.* VVell Ningle Ile trudge, but where's the Randeuow?

*Hor.* VVell thought off, marie at Sir Vaughans lodging the VVelſh knight, I haue compoſ'd a loue-letter for the gal-





*Sir Ada.* Harke in thine eare, ſolus me, I am to poſſe

lants worſhip, to his Roſamond: the ſecond, Miſtris Miniuer, becauſe ſhe does not thinke ſo ſoundly of his lame Engliſh as he could wiſh; I ha gull'd his Knight-ſhip heere to his face, yet haue giuen charge to his wincking vnderſtanding not to perceiue it: nay Gods ſo, away deare Bubo.

*Aſi.* I am gone. *Exit.*

*Hor.* The Muſes birdes the Bees were hiu'd and fled,
Vs in our cradle, thereby prophecying;
*That we to learned eares ſhould ſweetly ſing,*
*But to the vulger and adulterate braine,*
*Should loath to proſtiture our Virgin ſtraine.*
No, our ſharpe pen ſhall keep the world in awe,
Horace thy Poeſie, wormwood wreathes ſhall weare,
We hunt not for mens loues but for their feare. *Exit.*

*Enter* Sir Adam *and* Miniuer.

*Min.* O Sir Adam Prickſhaft, you are a the bow hand wide, a long yard I aſſure you: and as for Suitors, truelie they all goe downe with me, they haue all one flat anſwere.

*Sir Adam.* All Widdow? not all, let Sir Adam bee your firſt man ſtill.

*Enter* Sir Quintilian.

*Sir quin.* Widdow, art ſtolne from Table? I Sir Adam,
Are you my riuall? well, fiye faire y'are beſt;
The King's exceeding merrie at the banquet,
He makes the Bride bluſh with his merrie words
That run into her eares; ah he's a wanton,
Yet I dare truſt her, had he twentie tongues,
And euerie tongue a Stile of Maieſtie.
Now Widdow, let me tell thee in thine eare,
I loue thee Widdow, by this ring; nay weare it.

*Minen.* Ile come in no rings pardie, Ile take no golde.

*Sir Adam.* Harke

*Sir Ada.* Harke in thine eare, take me, I am to golde.

*Enter* Sir Vaughan *and* Peter Flash.

*Sir Vau.* Master Peter Flash, I will grope about Sir Quintilian, for his terminations touching and considering you.

*Flash.* I thanke your Worship, for I haue as good a stomacke to your Worship as a man could wish.

*Sir Vau.* I hope in God a mightie, I shall fill your stomack Master Peter: What two vpon one Sentlemen; Mistris Miniuer, much good doo't you Sir Adam.

*Sir quin.* Sir Vaughan, haue you din'd well Sir Vaughan?

*Sir Vau.* As good seete as would make any hungrie man (and a were in the vilest prison in the world) eate and hee had anie stomacke: One word Sir Quintilian in hugger mugger; heere is a Sentleman of yours. Master Peter Flash, is tesirous to haue his blew coate pul'd ouer his eares; and——

*Flash.* No Sir, my petition runs thus, that your worshippe would thrust mee out of doores, and that I may follow Sir Vaughan.

*Sir Vau.* I can tell you Master Flash, and you follow mee I goe verie fast, I thinke in my conscience, I am one of the lightest knights in England.

*Flash.* It's no matter Sir, the Flashes haue euer bin knowne to be quicke and light enough.

*Sir quin.* Sir Vaughan, he shal follow you, he shall dog you good Sir Vaughan.

*Enter* Horace *walking.*

*Sir Vau.* Why then Peter Flash I will set my foure markes a yeare, and a blew coat vpon you.

*Fla.* Godamercy to your worship, I hope you shall neuer repent for me.

*Sir Vau* You beare the face of an honest man, for you blush passing well Peter, I will quench the flame out of your name,

and

and you ſhall be chriſtned Peter Salamander.

*Peter Flash.* The name's too good for me, I thanke your worſhip.

*Sir Vau.* Are you come Maſter Horace, you ſent mee the Coppie of your letters countenance, and I did write and read it; your wittes truelie haue done verie valliantlie: tis a good inditements, you ha put in enough for her ha you not?

*Hor.* According to my inſtructions.

*Sir Vau.* Tis paſſing well, I pray Maſter Horace walke a little beſide your ſelfe, I will turne vpon you incontinent.

*Sir quin.* VVhat Gentleman is this in the Mandilian, a ſoldyer?

*Sir Vau.* No, tho he has a very bad face for a ſouldier, yet he has as deſperate a wit as euer any Scholler went to cuffes for; tis a Sentleman Poet, he has made rimes called Thalamimums, for M. Pridegroome, on vrd widdow.

*Sir qui.* Is this he? welcome Sir, your name? pray you walke not ſo ſtatelie, but be acquainted with me boldlie; your name Sir?

*Hor.* Quintus, Horacius, Flaccus.

*Sir Quint.* Good Maſter Flappus welcome.

*He walkes vp and downe.*

*Sir Vau.* Miſtris Miniuer, one vrde in your corner heere; I deſire you to breake my armes heere, and read this Paper, you ſhall feele my mindes and affections in it, at full and at large.

*Mini.* Ile receiue no Loue libels perdy, but by word a mouth.

*Sir Vaughan.* By Seſu tis no libell, for heere is my hand to it.

*Mini.* Ile ha no hand in it Sir Vaughan, Ile not deale with you.

*Sir Vau.* Why then widdow, Ile tell you by word a mouth my deuices.

*Mini.* Your

*Mi.* Your deuices come not neere my mouth Sir Vaughan perdy, I was vpon a time in the way to marriage, but now I am turn'd a tother side, I ha ſworne to leade a ſingle and ſimple life.

*Sir Adam.* She has anſwer'd you Sir Vaughan.

*Sir Vau.* Tis true, but at wrong weapons Sir Adam; will you be an Aſſe Miſtris Miniuer?

*Min.* If I be you ſhall not ride me.

*Sir Vaug.* A ſimple life! by Seſu tis the life of a foole, a ſimple life!

*Sir qui.* How now Sir Vaughan?

*Sir Vaugh.* My braines has a little fine quawme come vnder it, and therefore Sir Adam, and Sir Quintilian, and miſtris Miniuer caps God bo'y.

*All.* Good Sir Vaughan.

*Sir Vaugh.* Maſter Horace, your inuentions doe her no good in the Vniuerſalities; yet heere is two ſhillings for your wittes; nay by Seſu you ſhall take it if't were more: yonder bald Adams, is put my noſe from his ioynt; but Adam I will be euen to you: this is my cogitations, I will indite the Ladies & Miniuer caps to a dinner of Plumbes, and I ſhall deſire you M. Horace, to ſpeake or raile; you can raile I hope in God a mighty.

*Hor.* You meane to ſpeake bitterlie?

*Sir Vaughan.* Right, to ſpitte bitterly vpon baldnes, or the thinnes of haire; you ſall eate downe Plumbes to ſweeten your mouth, and heere is a good Anſell to defend you: Peter Salamander follow me.

*Flaſh.* With hue and crie and you will Sir.

*Sir Vau.* Come M. Horace, I will goe pull out the Ladies.

*Ho.* And Ile ſet out my wits, Baldnes the Theame?
My words ſhall flow hye in a ſiluer ſtreame. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Tucca *bruſhing off the crumbes.*

*Tuc.* Wher's my moſt coſtly and ſumptuous Shorthoſe?

*Sir Quint.* Is the King riſen from table Captaine Tucca?

*Tuc.* How? riſen? no my noble Quintilian, kings are greater men then we Knights and Caualliers, and therefore muſt eate more then leſſer perſons; Godamercy good Diues for theſe crummes: how now? has not Frier Tucke din'd yet? he falles ſo hard to that Oyſter-pye yonder.

*Sir quin* Oyſter-pye Captaine? ha ha, he loues her, and I loue her and feare both ſhall goe without her.

*Tuc.* Doſt loue her, my fineſt and firſt part of the Mirrour of Knighthood? hange her ſhe lookes like a bottle of ale, when the corke flyes out and the Ale fomes at mouth, ſhee lookes my good button-breech like the ſigne of Capricorne, or like Tiborne when it is couer'd with ſnow.

*Sir quin.* All's one for that, ſhe has a vizard in a bagge, will make her looke like an Angell; I wod I had her, vpon condition, I gaue thee this chaine manlie Tucca.

*Tuc.* I? ſaiſt thou ſo Friskin? I haue her ath hip for ſome cauſes, I can ſound her, ſhe'll come at my becke.

*Sir quin.* Wod I could ſound her too Noble commaunder.

*Tuc.* Thou ſhalt doo't; that Lady ath Lake is thine Sir Triſtram, lend mee thy chaine, doe, lend it, Ile make her take it as a token, Ile lincke her vnto thee; and thou ſhalt weare her gloue in thy Worſhipfull hatte like to a leather brooch; Nay and thou miſtruſts thy collier, be tyed in't ſtill.

*Sir quin.* Miſtruſt Captaine no, here tis, giue it her if ſhe'll take it, or weare it thy ſelfe, if ſhee'll take mee, Ile watch him well enough too.

*Tuc.* No more, Ile ſhoote away yonder Prickſhaft, and then belabour her, and flye you after yonder Cuckoo: doſt heare me my noble Gold-finch? ——

*Sir qui.* No more.

*Tuc.* How do'ſt thou my ſmug Belimperia? how doſt thou? hands off my little bald Dericke, hands off: harke hether Suſanna,

ſanna, beware a theſe two wicked Elders, ſhall I ſpeake well or ill of thee?

*Mun.* Nay, eene as you pleaſe Captaine, it ſhal be at your choice.

*Tuc.* Why well ſaid, my nimble Short-hoſe.

*Sir quin.* I heare her, I heare her.

*Tuc.* Art angry father time? art angrie becauſe I tooke mother-Winter aſide? Ile holde my life thou art ſtrucke with Cupids Birde-bolt, my little prickſhaft, art? doſt loue that mother Mumble-cruſt, doſt thou? doſt long for that whun-wham?

*Sir Ada.* Wod I were as ſure to lye with her, as to loue her.

*Tuc.* Haue I found thee my learned Dunce, haue I found thee? If I might ha my wil, thou ſhouldſt not put thy ſpoone into that bumble-broth (for indeede Ide taſte her my ſelfe) no thou ſhouldſt not; yet if her beautie blinde thee, ſhe's thine, I can doo't, thou heardſt her ſay eene now, it ſhould bee at my choice.

*Sir Ada.* She did ſo, worke the match and Ile beſtow----

*Tuc.* Not a ſilke point vpon mee, little Adam ſhee ſhall bee thy Eeue, for leſſe then an Apple; but ſend, bee wiſe, ſend her ſome token, ſhee's greedie, ſhee ſhall take it, doe, ſend, thou ſhalt ſticke in her (Prickeſhaft) but ſend.

*Sir Adam.* Heer's a purſe of golde, thinke you that wil be accepted?

*Tuc.* Goe to, it ſhall bee accepted, and twere but ſiluer, when that Flea-bitten Short-hoſe ſteppes hence: vaniſh too, and let mee alone with my Grannam in Gutter-Lane there, and this purſe of golde doe, let me alone.

*Sir quint.* The King, gods Lord, I doe forget the King; Widdow, thinke on my wordes, I muſt be gone
To waite his riſing, Ile returne anone.

*Sir Ad.* Stay Sir Quintilian, Ile be a waiter too.

*Sir quinti.* Widdow wee'll truſt that Captaine there with you. *Exeunt.*

*Tuc.* Now, now, mother Bunch how doſt thou? what doſt frowne Queene Gwyniuer? doſt wrinckle? what made theſe paire of Shittle-cockes heere? what doe they fumble for? Ile ha none of theſe Kites fluttering about thy carkas, for thou ſhalt bee my Weſt Indyes, and none but trim Tucca ſhall diſcouer thee.

*Min.* Diſcouer me? diſcouer what thou canſt of me.

*Tuc.* What I can? thou knowſt what I can diſcouer, but I will not lay thee open to the world.

*Min* Lay me open to the world?

*Tuc.* No I will not my moldie decay'd Charing-croſſe, I will not.

*Mi.* Hang thee patch-pannell, I am none a thy Charing-croſſe: I ſcorne to be Croſſe to ſuch a ſcab as thou makſt thy ſelfe.

*Tuc.* No, tis thou makſt me ſo, my Long Meg a Weſtminſter, thou breedſt a ſcab, thou——

*Min.* I'dam thee filthie Captaine, dam thy ſelfe.

*Tuc.* My little deuill a Dow-gate, Ile dam thee, (thou knowſt my meaning) Ile dam thee vp; my wide mouth at Biſhops-gate.

*Min.* Wod I might once come to that damming.

*Tuc.* Why thou ſhalt, my ſweet dame Annis a cleere thou ſhalt, for Ile drowne my ſelfe in thee; I, for thy loue, Ile ſinke, I, for thee.

*Min.* So thou wilt I warrant, in thy abhominable ſinnes; Lord, Lord, howe many filthy wordes haſt thou to anſwere for.

*Tuc.* Name one Madge-owlet, name one, Ile anſwer for none; my words ſhall be foorth comming at all times, & ſhall anſwer for them ſelues; my nimble Cat-a-mountaine: they ſhall Siſlie Bum-trincket, for Ile giue thee none but Sugercandie

candie wordes, I will not Puffe: goody Tripe-wife, I will not.

*Min.* VVhy doſt call mee ſuch horrible vngodlie names then?

*Tuc.* Ile name thee no more Mother Red-cap vpon paine of death, if thou wilt Grimalkin, Maggot-a-pye I will not.

*Min.* Wod thou shouldſt wel know, I am no Maggot, but a meere Gentlewoman borne.

*Tu.* I know thou art a Gentle, and Ile nibble at thee, thou ſhalt be my Cap-a-maintenance, & Ile carrie my naked ſword before thee, my reuerend Ladie Lettice-cap.

*Mi.* Thou ſhalt carry no naked ſwords before me to fright me, thou——

*Tuc* Go too, let not thy tongue play ſo hard at hot-cockles; for, Gammer Gurton, I meane to bee thy needle, I loue thee, I loue thee, becauſe thy teeth ſtand like the Arches vnder London Bridge, for thou't not turne Satyre & bite thy husband; No, come my little Cub, doe not ſcorne mee becauſe I goe in Stag, in Buffe, heer's veluet too; thou ſeeſt I am worth thus much in bare veluet.

*Min.* I ſcorne thee not, not I.

*Tuc* I know thou doſt not, thou ſhat ſee that I could march with two or three hundred linkes before me, looke here what? I could ſhew golde too, if that would tempt thee, but I will not make my ſelfe a Gold-ſmithes ſtall I; I ſcorne to goe chain'd my Ladie ath Hoſpitall, I doe, yet I will and muſt bee chain'd to thee.

*Min.* To mee? why Maſter Captaine, you know that I haue my choiſe of three or foure payre of Knights, and therefore haue ſmall reaſon to flye out I know not how in a man of war.

*Tuc.* A man a warre? come thou knowſt not what a worſhipfull focation tis to be a Captaines wife: three or four payre of Knights? why doſt heare Ioane-a-bedlam, Ile enter into

bond to be dub'd by what day thou wilt, when the next action is layde vpon me, thou ſhalt be Ladified.

*Min.* You know I am offered that by halfe a dozen.

*Tuc.* Thou shalt little Miniuer, thou ſhalt, Ile ha this frock turn'd into a foote-cloth; and thou ſhalt be carted, drawne I meane, Coacht, Coacht, thou shalt ryde Iigga-Iogge; a Hood shall flap vp and downe heere, and this shipskin-cap shall be put off.

*Mini.* Nay perdie, Ile put off my cap for no mans pleaſure.

*Tuc.* Wut thou be proude little Lucifer? well, thou shalt goe how thou wilt Maide-marian; come, buſſe thy little Anthony now, now, my cleane Cleopatria; ſo, ſo, goe thy waies Alexis ſecrets, th'aſt a breath as ſweet as the Roſe, that growes by the Beare-garden, as ſweete as the proud'ſt heade a Garlicke in England: come, wut march in, to the Gentle folkes?

*Mini.* Nay trulie Captaine you shall be my leader.

*Tuc.* I ſay Mary Ambree, thou shalt march formoſt,
Becauſe Ile marke how broad th'art in the heeles.

*Mini.* Perdie, I will be ſet ath laſt for this time.

*Tuc.* Why then come, we'll walke arme in arme,
As tho we were leading one another to Newgate.

*Enter* Blunt, Criſpinus, *and* Demetrius, *with papers, laughing.*

*Cri.* Mine's of a fashion, cut out quite from yours.

*Dem.* Mine has the sharpeſt tooth, yonder he is.

*Blu.* Captaine Tucca. *All hold vp papers.*

*Tuc.* How now? I cannot ſtand to read ſupplications now

*Criſ.* They're bitter Epigrams compoſ'd on you
By Horace.

*Dem.* And diſperſt amongſt the gallants
In ſeuerall coppies, by Aſinius Bubo.

*Tuc.* By

*Tuc.* By that liue Eclo read, *Lege Legito*, read thou Iacke.

*Blu.* *Tucca's growne monſtrous, how? rich? that I feare,*
*He's to be ſeene for money euery where.*

*Tuc.* Why true, ſhall not I get in my debts, nay and the roague write no better I care not, farewell blacke Iacke farewell.

*Cri.* But Captaine, heer's a nettle.

*Tuc.* Sting me, doe.

*Cri.* *Tucca's exceeding tall and yet not hye,*
*He fights with skill, but does moſt vilye lye.*

*Tuc.* Right, for heere I lye now, open, open, to make my aduerſarie come on; and then Sir, heere am I in's boſome: nay and this be the worſt, I ſhal hug the poore honeſt face-maker, Ile loue the little Atheiſt, when he writes after my commendation, another whip? come yerke me.

*Dem.* *Tucca will bite, how? growne Satiricall,*
*No, he bites tables, for he feedes on all.*

*Tuc.* The whoreſon clouen-foote deuill in mans apparell There ſtood aboue forty dishes before me to day, (lyes,
That I nere toucht, becauſe they were empty.

*Min.* I am witnes young Gentlemen to that.

*Tuc.* Farewell ſtinckers, I ſmel thy meaning Screech-owle, I doe tho I ſtop my noſe: and Sirra Poet, we'll haue thee vnſtruſt for this; come, mother Mum-pudding, come.

*Exeunt.*

*Trumpets ſound a floriſh, and then a ſennate: Enter* King *with* Caleſtine, Sir Walter Terrill, Sir Quintilian, Sir Adam Blunt *and other Ladies and attendants: whilſt the Trumpets ſound the King takes his leaue of the Bride-groome, and* Sir Quintilian, *and laſt of the Bride.*

*Kin.* My ſong of parting doth this burden beare,
A kiſſe the Ditty, and I ſet it heere.

Your

Your lips are well in tune, ſtrung with delight,
By this faire Bride remember ſoone at night:
Sir Walter.

*Ter.* My Leige Lord, we all attend,
The time and place.

*Kin.* Till then my leaue commend.

*They bring him to the doore: Enter at another doore*
Sir Vaughan.

*Sir Vau.* Ladies, I am to put a verie eaſie ſuite vpon you all, and to deſire you to fill your little pellies at a dinner of plums behinde noone; there be Suckets, and Marmilads, and Marchants, and other long white plummes that faine would kiſſe your delicate and ſweet lippes; I indite you all together, and you eſpecially my Ladie Pride; what doe you ſaie for your ſelles? for I indite you all.

*Cel.* I thanke yon good Sir Vaughan, I will come.

*Sir Vau.* Say Sentlewomen will you ſtand to me too?

*All.* Wee'll ſit with you ſweet Sir Vaughan.

*Sir Vau.* God a mightie pleſſe your faces, and make your peauties laſt, when wee are all dead and rotten: —— you all will come.

1 *Lady.* All will come.

*Sir Vau.* Pray God that Horace bee in his right wittes to raile now. *Exit.*

*Criſ.* Come Ladie, you ſhall be my dauncing gueſt.
To treade the maze of muſicke with the reſt.

*Dem.* Ile lead you in.

*Dicach.* A maze is like a doubt:
Tis eaſie to goe in, hard to get out.

*Blun.* We follow cloſe behinde.

*Philoca.* That meaſure's beſt.
Now none markes vs, but we marke all the reſt. *Exeunt.*

*Exeunt all ſaving* Sir Quintilian, Cœleſtine, *and* Sir Walter Terrill.

*Ter.* Father

*Ter.* Father, and you my Bride; that name to day,
Wife, comes not till to morrow: but omitting
This enterchanging of Languages; let vs thinke
Vpon the King and night, and call our ſpirits
To a true reckoning; firſt to Arme our wittes
With compleat ſteele of Iudgement, and our tongs,
With ſound attillery of Phraſes: then
Our Bodies muſt bee motions; mooving firſt
What we ſpeake: afterwards, our very knees
Muſt humbly ſeeme to talke, and ſute out ſpeech;
For a true furniſht Cortyer hath ſuch force,
Though his tonge faints, his very legs diſcourſe.

*Sir qum.* Sonne Terrill, thou haſt drawne his picture right,
For hee's noe full-made Courtier, nor well ſtrung,
That hath not euery ioynt ſtucke with a tongue.
Daughter, if Ladies ſay, that is the Bride, that's ſhe,
Gaze thou at none, for all will gaze at thee.

*Cel.* Then, ô my father muſt I goe? O my husband
Shall I then goe? O my ſelfe, will I goe?

*Sir quin.* You muſt.

*Ter.* You ſhall.

*Cel.* I will, but giue me leaue,
To ſay I may not, nor I ought not, ſay not
Still, I muſt goe, let me intreate I may not.

*Ter.* You muſt and ſhall, I made a deede of gift,
And gaue my oath vnto the King, I ſwore
By thy true conſtancy.

*Cel.* Then keep that word
To ſweare by, O let me be conſtant ſtill.

*Ter.* What ſhall I cancell faith, and breake my oath?

*Cel.* If breaking conſtancie thou breakſt them both.

*Ter.* Thy conſtancie no euill can purſue.

*Cel.* I may be conſtant ſtill, and yet not true.

*Ter.* As how?

*Ca.* As thus, by violence detain'd,
They may be conſtant ſtill, that are conſtrain'd.
*Ter.* Conſtrain'd? that word weighs heauy, yet my oath
Weighes downe that word; the kinge s thoughts are at oddes,
They are not euen ballanſt in his breſt;
The King may play the man with me; nay more,
Kings may vſurpe; my wife's a woman; yet
Tis more then I know yet, that know not her,
If ſhe ſhould prooue mankinde, twere rare, fye, fye,
See how I looſe my ſelfe, amongſt my thoughts,
Thinking to finde my ſelfe; my oath, my oath.
*Sir quin.* I ſweare another, let me ſee, by what,
By my long ſtocking, and my narrow skirtes,
Not made to ſit vpon, ſhe ſhall to Court.
I haue a tricke, a charme, that ſhall lay downe
The ſpirit of luſt, and keep thee vndeflowred;
Thy husbands honor ſau'd, and the hot King,
Shall haue enough too. Come, a tricke, a charme. *Exit.*
*Ca.* God keep thy honour ſafe, my bloud from harme.
*Ter.* Come, my ſicke-minded Bride, Ile teach thee how,
To reliſh health a little: Taſte this thought,
That when mine eyes ſeru'd loues commiſſion,
Vpon thy beauties I did ſeiſe on them.
To a Kings vſe; cure all thy griefe with this,
That his great ſeale was grauen vpon this ring,
And that I was but Steward to a King. *Exeunt.*

*A banquet ſet out: Enter* Sir Vaughan, Horace, Aſinius Bubo, *Lady* Petula, Dicache, Philocalia, *Miſtris* Miniuet *and* Peter Flaſh.

*Sir Vaugh.* Ladies and Sentlemen, you are almoſt all welcome, to this ſweet nuncions of Plums.
*Dicach.* Almoſt all Sir Vaughan? why to which of vs are you

you so niggardly, that you cut her out but a peice of welcome.

*Sir Vaugh.* My interpretations is that almost all are welcome, because I indited a brace or two more that is not come, I am sorrie my Ladie Pride is not among you.

*Asi.* Slid, he makes hounds of vs Ningle, a brace quoth a?

*Sir Vaug.* Peter Salamanders draw out the pictures of all the ioynt stooles, & Ladies sit downe vpon their wodden faces.

*Flash.* I warrant Sir, Ile giue euerie one of them a good stoole.

*Sir Vau.* Master Horace, Master Horace, when I pray to God, and desire in hipocritnes that bald Sir Adams were heer, then, then, then begin to make your railes at the pouertie and beggerly want of haire,

*Hor.* Leaue it to my iudgement.

*Sir Vau.* M. Bubo sit there, you and I wil thinke vpon our ends at the Tables: M. Horace, put your learned bodie into the midst of these Ladies; so tis no matter to speake graces at nuncions, because we are all past grace since dinner.

*Asini.* Mas I thanke my destinie I am not past grace, for by this hand full of Carrawaies, I could neuer abide to say grace.

*Dica.* Mistris Miniuer, is not that innocent Gentleman a kinde of foole?

*Min.* Why doe you aske Madam?

*Dicach.* Nay for no harme, I aske because I thought you two had been of acquaintaine.

*Min.* I thinke he's within an Inch of a foole.

*Dicach.* Madam Philocalia, you sit next that spare Gentleman, wod you heard what Mistris Miniuer saies of you.

*Philo.* Why what saies she Madam Dicache.

*Dica.* Nay nothing, but wishes you were married to that small timber'd gallant.

*Philo.* Your wish and mine are twinnes, I wish so too for

Then I ſhould be ſure to lead a merrie life.

*Aſini.* Yes faith Ladie, Ide make you laugh, my bolts now and then ſhould be ſoone ſhot; by theſe comfits, weed let all ſlide.

*Petu.* He takes the ſweeteſt oathes that euer I heard a gallant of his pitch ſweare; by theſe Comfits, & theſe Carrawaies, I warrant it does him good to ſweare.

*Aſin.* Yes faith tis meate and drinke to me.
I am glad Ladie Petula (by this Apple) that they pleaſe you.

*Sr Vau.* Peter Salamanders wine, I beſeech you Maſter Aſinius Bubo, not to ſweare ſo deeplie, for there comes no fruite of your oathes; heere Ladies, I put you all into one corners together, you ſhall all drinke of one cup.

*Aſi.* Peter I prethee fill me out too.

*Flaſh.* Ide fling you out too, and I might ha my will, a pox of all fooles.

*Sr Vau.* Miſtris Miniuers, pray bee luſtie, wod Sir Adams Prickshaft ſtucke by you.

*Hor.* Who, the balde Knight Sir Vaughan?

*Sr Vou* The ſame M. Horace, he that has but a remnant or parcell of haire, his crowne is clipt and par'd away; me thinkes tis an excellent quallitie to bee balde; for and there ſtucke a noſe and two nyes in his pate, he might weare two faces vnder one hood.

*Aſi.* As God ſaue me la, if I might ha my will, Ide rather be a balde Gentleman then a hairy; for I am ſure the beſt and talleſt Yeomen in England haue balde heads: me thinkes haire is a ſcuruie lowſie commodity.

*Hor.* Bubo, heerein you blaze your ignorance.

*Sir Vau* Pray ſtop and fill your mouthes, and giue M. Horace all your eares.

*Hor.* *For if of all the bodies parts, the head*
*Be the moſt royall: if diſcourſe, wit, Iudgement,*
*And all our vnderſtanding faculties,*

Sir

*Sit there in their high Court of Parliament,*
*Enacting lawes to sway this humorous world:*
*This little Ile of Man: needes must that crowne,*
*Which stands vpon this supreame head, be faire,*
*And helde inualuable, and that crowne's the* Haire:
*The head that wants this honour stands awry,*
*Is bare in name and in authority.*

*Sir Vau.* He meanes balde-pates mistris Miniuers.

*Hor.* Haire, *tis the roabe which curious nature weaues,*
*To hang vpon the head: and does adorne,*
*Our bodies in the first houre we are borne:*
*God does bestow that garment: when we dye,*
*That (like a soft and silken Canopie)*
*Is still spred ouer vs; in spight of death*
*Our hayre growes in our graue, and that alone*
*Lookes fresh, when all our other beauty's gone.*
*The excellence of* Haire, *in this shines clere,*
*That the foure Elements take pride to weare*
*The fashion of it: when* Fire *most bright does burne,*
*The flames to golden lockes doe striue to turne;*
*When her lasciuious armes the* Water *hurles,*
*About the shoares waste, her sleeke head she curles:*
*And rarid cloudes being suckt into the* Ayre,
*When downe they melt, hangs like fine siluer hayre.*
*You see the* Earth (*whose head so oft is shorne*)
*Frighted to feele her lockes so rudely torne,*
*Stands with her haire an end, and (thus affraide)*
*Turnes euery haire to a greene naked blade.*
*Besides, when (strucke with greefe) we long to dye,*
*We spoile that most, which most does beautifie,*
*We rend this* Head-tyre *off. I thus conclude,*
*Cullors set cullers out; our eyes iudge right,*
*Of vice or vertue by their opposite:*
*So, if faire haire to beauty add such grace,*

*Baldnes muſt needes be vgly, vile and baſe.*

*Sir Vau.* True M. Horace, for a bald reaſon, is a reaſon that has no haires vpon't, a ſcuruy ſcalded reaſon.

*Mi.* By my truely I neuer thought you could ha pickt ſuch ſtrange things out of haire before.

*Aſini.* Nay my Ningle can tickle it, when hee comes too't.

*Min.* Troth I ſhall neuer bee enameld of a bare-headed man for this, what ſhift ſo euer I make.

*Sir Vaug.* Then Miſtris Miniuer S. Adams Prickſhaft muſt not hit you; Peter take vp all the cloathes at the table and the Plums.

*Enter* Tucca *and his boy.*

*Tuc.* Saue thee my little worſhipfull Harper; how doe yee my little cracknels? how doe ye?

*Sir Vau.* Welcome M. Tucca, ſit and ſhoote into yonr belly ſome Suger pellets.

*Tuc* No, Godamercy Cadwallader, how doe you Horace?

*Ho.* Thankes good Captaine.

*Tu.* Wher's the Sering thou carrieſt about thee? O haue I found thee my ſcowring-ſticke; what's my name Bubo?

*Aſini.* Wod I were hang'd if I can call you any names but Captaine and Tucca.

*Tuc.* No Fye'ſt, my name's Hamlet reuenge: thou haſt been at Parris garden haſt not?

*Hor.* Yes Captaine, I ha plaide Zulziman there. (man.

*Sir Vau.* Then M. Horace you plaide the part of an honeſt

*Tuc.* Death of Hercules, he could neuer play that part well in's life, no Fulkes you could not: thou call'ſt Demetrius Iorneyman Poet, but thou putſt vp a Supplication to be a poore Iorneyman Player, and hadſt beene ſtill ſo, but that thou couldſt not ſet a good face vpon't: thou haſt forgot how thou ambleſt (in leather pilch) by a play-wagon, in the high way, and took'ſt mad Ieronimoes part, to get ſeruice a-

mong

mong the Mimickes: and when the Stagerites baniſht thee into the Ile of Dogs, thou turn'dſt Ban-dog (villanous Guy) & euer ſince biteſt, therefore I aske if th'aſt been at Parris-garden, becauſe thou haſt ſuch a good mouth; thou bautſt well, read, *lege*, ſaue thy ſelfe and read.

*Hor.* Why Captaine theſe are *Epigrams* compoſ'd on you.

*Tuc.* Goe not out Farding Candle, goe not out, for truſty *Damboys* now the deed is done, Ile pledge this Epigram in wine, Ile ſwallow in, I, yes.

*Sir Vau.* God bleſſe vs, will he be drunke with nittigrams now.

*Tuc.* So, now ariſe ſprite ath Buttry; no Herring-bone Ile not pull thee out, but ariſe deere Eccho riſe, riſe deuill or Ile coniure thee vp.

*Min.* Good Maſter Tucca lets ha no coniuring heere.

*Sir Vau.* Vdds bloud you ſcald gouty Captaine, why come you to ſet encombrances heere betweene the Ladies.

*Tuc.* Be not ſo tart my precious Metheglin, be not (my old whore a Babilon, ſit faſt.)

*Min.* O Ieſu if I know where abouts in London Babilon ſtands.

*Tuc.* Feede and be fat my faire Calipolis, ſtir not my beauteous wriggle-tailes, Ile diſeaſe none of you, Ile take none of you vp, but onely this table-man, I muſt enter him into ſome filthy ſincke point, I muſt.

*Hor.* Captaine, you doe me wrong thus to diſgrace me.

*Tuc.* Thou think'ſt thou maiſt be as ſawcy with me as my Buffe Ierkin to ſit vpon me, doſt?

*Ho.* Dam me, if euer I traduc'd your name,
What imputation can you charge me with?

*Sir Vau.* Sblud, I, what cõputations can you lay to his farge? anſwer, or by Seſu Ile canuas your coxcombe Tucky.

*Min.* If they draw ſweet hearts, let vs ſhift for our ſelues.

*Tuc.* My noble ſwaggerer, I wil not fall out with thee, I cannot

not my mad Cumrade, finde in my heart to ſhed thy bloud.

*Sir Vau.* Cumrade: by Seſu call me Cumrade againe, and ile Cumrade ye about the ſinnes and ſhoulders; ownds, what come you to ſmell out heere? did you not dine and feede horribly well to day at dinner, but you come to munch heere, and giue vs winter-plummes? I pray depart, goe marſe, marſe, marſe out a doores.

*Tuc.* Adew Sir Eglamour, adew Lute-ſtringe, Curtin-rod, Gooſe-quill; heere, giue that full-noſ'd Skinker, theſe rimes; & harke, Ile tagge my Codpeece point with thy legs, ſpout-pot Ile empty thee.

*Aſin.* Doſt threaten mee? Gods lid Ile binde thee to the good forbearing.

*Sir Vau.* Will you amble Hobby-horſe, will you trot and amble?

*Tuc.* Raw Artichocke I ſhall ſauce thee. *Exit.*

*Min.* I pray you Maſter Tucca, will you ſend me the fiue pound you borrowed on me; O you cannot heare now, but Ile make you heare me and feele me too in another place, to your ſhame I warrant you, thou ſhalt not conny-catch mee for fiue pounds; he tooke it vp Sir Vaughan in your name, hee ſwore you ſent for it to Mum withall, twas fiue pound in gold, as white as my kercher.

*Sir Vaughan.* Ownds, fiue pound in my name to Mum about withall.

*Min.* I, to Mum withall, but hee playes mum-budget with me.

*Sir Vau.* Peter Salamander, tye vp your great and your little ſword, by Seſu Ile goe ſing him while tis hot, Ile beate fiue pound out of his leather pilch: Maſter Horace, let your wittes inhabite in your right places; if I fall ſanſomely vpon the Widdow, I haue ſome coſſens Garman at Court, ſhall beget you the reuerſion of the Maſter of the Kings Reuels, or elſe be his Lord of Miſ-rule nowe at Chriſtmas: Come Ladyes, whoreſon,

whoreſon Stragling Captaine, Ile pound him. *Exeunt.*

*Manet* Horace *and* Aſinius.

*Hor.* How now? what ail'ſt thou, that thou look'ſt ſo paie?

*Aſin.* Nay nothing, but I am afraide the Welſh Knight has giuen me nothing but purging Comfits: this Captaine ſtickes pockily in my ſtomack; read this ſcroule, he ſaies they'r rimes, and bid me giue them you.

*Hor.* Rimes: tis a challenge ſent to you.

*Aſin.* To me?

*Hor.* He ſaies heere you divulg'd my Epigrams.

*Aſin.* And for that dares he challenge me?

*Hor.* You ſee he dares, but dare you anſwer him?

*Aſin.* I date anſwer his challenge, by word of mouth, or by writing, but I ſcorne to meete him, I hope he and I are not Paralels.

*Hor.* Deere Bubo, thou ſhalt anſwere him; our credites
Lye pawn'd vpon thy reſolution,
Thy vallor muſt redeeme them; charge thy ſpirits,
To waite more cloſe, and neere thee: if he kill thee,
Ile not ſuruiue; into one Lottery.
We'll caſt our fates; together liue and dye.

*Aſi.* Content, I owe God a death, and if he will make mee pay't againſt my will, Ile ſay tis hard dealing. *Exeunt*

*Enter* Sir Adam, Tucca, *with two piſtols by his ſides, his boy laden with ſwords and bucklers.*

*Tuc.* Did Apolloes Freeze gowne watch man (boy, doſt heare Turkie-cockes tayle haue an eye behinde, leaſt the enemie aſſault our Rere-ward) on proceede Father Adam; did that ſame tiranicall-tongu'd rag-a-muffin Horace, turne bald-pates out ſo naked?

*Sir Ad.* He did, and whipt them ſo with nettles, that



the Humerous Poet.

The Widdow ſwore that a bare-headed man,
Should not man her: the Ladie Pecula
Was there, heard all, and tolde me this.

*Tuc.* Goe too.
Thy golde was accepted, it was, and ſhe ſhall bring thee into her Paradice, ſhe ſhall ſmall Adam, ſhe ſhall.

*Sir Ada.* But how? but how Capten?

*Tuc.* Thus, goe, couer a table with ſweet meates, let all the Gentlewomen, and that ſame Paſquils-mad-cap (mother Bee there) nibble, bid them bite: they will come to gobble downe Plummes; then take vp that paire of Basket hiltes, with my commiſſion, I meane Criſpinus and Fannius; charge one of them to take vp the Bucklers, againſt that hayre-monger Horace, and haue a bout or two, in defence of balde-pates: let them cracke euerie crowne that has haire on't: goe, let them lift vp baldenes to the skie, and thou ſhalt ſee, twill turne Miniuers heart quite againſt the haire.

*Sir Ada.* Excellent, why then M. Tucca——

*Tuc.* Nay, whir, nymble Prickſhaft; whir, away, I goe vpon life and death, away, flie Scanderbag flie. *Exit.*

*Enter* Aſinius Bubo, *and* Horace *aloofe.*

*Boy.* Arme Captaine, arme, arme, arme, the foe is come downe.

Tucca *offers to ſhoot.*

*Aſi* Hold Capten Tucca holde, I am Bubo, & come to anſwer any thing you can lay to my charge.

*Tuc.* What, dott ſummon a parlie my little Drum-ſticke? tis too late; thou ſeeſt my red flag is hung out, Ile fill thy guts with thine owne carrion carcas, and then eate them vp inſteed of Sawſages.

*Aſin.* Vſe me how you will; I am reſolute, for I ha made my Will.

*Tuc.* Wilt

*Tuc.* Wilt fight Turke-a-ten-pence? wilt fight then?

*Asini.* Thou shalt finde Ile fight in a Godly quarrell, if I be once fir'd.

*Tuc.* Thou shalt not want fire, Ile ha thee burnt when thou wilt, my colde Cornelius: but come: *Respice funem*; looke, thou seest; open thy selfe my little Cutlers Shoppe, I challenge thee thou slender Gentleman, at foure sundrie weapons.

*Asi.* Thy challenge was but at one, and Ile answere but one.

*Boy.* Thou shalt answer two, for thou shalt answer me and my Capten.

*Tuc.* Well said Cockrell out-crowe him: art hardy noble Huon? art Magnanimious? licke-trencher; looke, search leaft some lye in ambush; for this man at Armes, has paper in's bellie, or some friend in a corner, or else hee durst not bee so cranke.

*Boy.* Capten, Capten, Horace stands sneaking heere.

*Tuc.* I smelt the foule-fisted Morter-treader, come my most damnable fastidious rascall, I haue a suite to both of you.

*Asi.* O holde, most pittifull Captaine holde.

*Hor.* Holde Capten, tis knowne that Horace is valliant, & a man of the sword.

*Tuc.* A Gentleman or an honest Cittizen, shall not Sit in your pennie-bench Theaters, with his Squirrell by his side cracking nuttes; nor sneake into a Tauerne with his Mermaid; but he shall be Satyr'd, and Epigram'd vpon, and his humour must run vpo'th Stage: you'll ha *Euery Gentleman in's humour*, and *Euery Gentleman out on's humour*: wee that are heades of Legions and Bandes, and feare none but these same shoulder-clappers, shall feare you, you Serpentine rascall.

*Hor.* Honour'd Capten.

*Tuc.* Art not famous enough yet, my mad *Horaſtratus*, for killing a Player, but thou muſt eate men aliue? thy friends? Sirra wilde-man, thy Patrons? thou Anthropophagite, thy Mecænaſſes?

*Hor.* Captaine, I'm ſorry that you lay this wrong.
So cloſe vnto your heart: deare Captaine thinke
I writ out of hot bloud, which (now) being colde,
I could be pleaſ'd (to pleaſe you) to quaffe downe,
The poyſon'd Inke, in which I dipt your name.

*Tuc.* Saiſt thou ſo, my *Palinodicall* rimeſter?

*Hor.* Hence forth Ile rather breath out *Solæciſmes*
(To doe which Ide as ſoone ſpeake blaſphemie)
Than with my tongue or pen to wound your worth,
Beleeue it noble Capten; it to me
Shall be a Crowne, to crowne your actes with praize,
Out of your hate, your loue Ile ſtrong lie raize.

*Tuc.* I know now th'aſt a number of theſe *Quiddits* to binde men to'th peace: tis thy faſhion to flire Inke in euerie mans face; and then to craule into his boſome, and damne thy ſelfe to wip't off agen: yet to glue out abroad, that hee was glad to come to compoſition with thee: I know *Monſieur Machiauell* tis one a thy rules; My long-heel'd *Troglodite*, I could make thine eares burne now, by dropping into them, all thoſe hot oathes, to which, thy ſelfe gau'ſt voluntarie fire, (whē thou waſt the man in the Moone) that thou wouldſt neuer ſquib out any new Salt-peter Ieſtes againſt honeſt Tucca, nor thoſe Maligo-taſters, his *Poetaſters*; I could Cinocephalus, but I will not, yet thou knowſt thou haſt broke thoſe oathes in print, my excellent infernall.

*Ho.* Capten.

*Tuc.* Nay I ſmell what breath is to come from thee, thy anſwer is, that there's no faith to be helde with Heritickes & Infidels, and therfore thou ſwear'ſt anie thing: but come, lend mee thy hand, thou and I hence forth will bee *Alexander* and

*Lodwicke*,

*Ludwicke*, the Gemini: sworne brothers, thou shalt be *Perithous* and Tucca *Theseus*; but Ile leaue thee i'th lurch, when thou mak'st thy voiage into hell: till then, *Thine assurealy.*

*Hor.* With all my soule deare Capten.

*Tuc.* Thou'lt shoote thy quilles at mee, when my terrible backe's turn'd for all this, wilt not Porcupine? and bring me & my Heliconistes into thy Dialogues, to make vs talke madlie, wut not Lucian?

*Hor.* Capten, if I doe ——

*Tuc.* Nay and thou dost, hornes of Lucifer, the *Parcell-Poets* shall Sue thy wrangling Muse, in the Court of Pernassus, and neuer leaue hunting her, till she pleade in *Forma Pauperis*: but I hope th'a't more grace: come: friendes, clap handes, tis a bargaine; amiable Bubo, thy fist must walke too: so, I loue thee, now I see th'art a little Hercules, and wilt fight; Ile Sticke thee now in my companie like a sprig of Rosemary.

*Enter* Sir Rees ap Vaughan *and* Peter Flash.

*Fla.* Draw Sir Rees he's yonder, shall I vpon him?

*Sir Vau.* Vpon him? goe too, goe too Peter Salamander; holde, in Gods name holde; I will kill him to his face, because I meane he shall answer for it; being an eye-witnes; one vrde Capten Tucky.

*Tuc.* Ile giue thee ten thousand words and thou wilt, my little Thomas Thomasius.

*Sir Vau* By Sesu, tis best you giue good vrdes too, least I beate out your tongue, and make your vrde nere to bee taken more; doe you heare, fiue pounds, fiue pounds Tucky.

*Tuc.* Thou shalt ha fiue, and fiue, and fiue, and thou wantst money my Iob.

*Sir Vau.* Leaue your fetches and your fegaries, you tough leather-Ierkins; leaue your quandaries, and trickes, and draw vpon me y'are best: you conny-catch Widdow *Minuer-caps*

for fiue pounds, and ſay tis for me to cry Mum, and make mee run vp and downe in diſhonors, and diſcredites; is't not true, you winke-a-pipes raſcall? is not true?

*Tuc.* Right, true, guilty, I remember't now; for when I ſpake a good word to the Widdow for thee my young Sampſon ——

*Sir Vau.* For fiue pounds you cheating ſcab, for 5. pounds, not for me.

*Tuc.* For thee ô Cæſar, for thee I tooke vp fiue pounds in golde, that lay in her lap, & ſaid Ide giue it thee as a token from her: I did it but to ſmell out how ſhe ſtood affected to thee, to feele her; I, and I know what ſhe ſaid, I know how I carried away the golde.

*Sir Vau.* By Seſu, I ha not the mercy to fall vpon him now: M. Tucky, did widdow Minuers part quietly from her golde, becauſe you lyed, and ſaid it was for me?

*Tuc.* Quietly, in peace, without grumbling; made no noiſe, I know how I tempted her, in thy behalfe; my little Trangdo.

*Sir Vau.* Capten Tucky, I will pay back her 5. *l.* (vnles you be damn'd in lyes) & hold you, I pray you pocket vp this; by the croſſe a this ſword & dagger, Capten you ſhall take it.

*Tuc.* Doſt ſweare by daggers? nay then Ile put vp more at thy hands then this.

*Flaſh.* Is the fray done ſir?

*Sir Vau.* Done Peter, put vp your ſmeeter.

*Tuc.* Come hether, my ſoure-fac'd Poet; fling away that beard-bruſh Bubo, caſheere him, and harke: Knight attend: So, that raw-head and bloudy-bones Sir Adam, has fee'd another brat (of thoſe nine common wenches) to defend baldnes, and to raile againſt haire: he'll haue a fling at thee, my noble Cock-Sparrow.

*Sir Vau.* At mee? will hee fling the cudgels of his witte at mee?

*Tuc.* And at thy button-cap too; but come, Ile be your leader,

der you shall stand, heare all, & not be seene; cast off that blew coate, away with that flawne, and follow, come: *Exit.*

*Hor.* Bubo, we follow Captaine.

*Sir Va* Peter, leaue comming behinde me, I pray any longer for you and I must part Peter.

*Flash.* Sounds Sir, I hope you will not serue me so, to turne me away in this case.

*Sir Vau.* Turne you into a fooles coate; I meane I will go *solus*, or in solitaries alone; ounds y-are best giue better words, or Ile turne you away indeed; where is Capten Tucky? come Horace; get you home Peter.

*Flash.* Ile home to your cost, and I can get into the Wine-Seller. *Exit.*

*Hor.* Remember where to meete mee.

*Asin.* Yes Ile meete; Tucca should ha found I dare meete. *Exit.*

*Ho.* Dare defend baldnes, which our conquering Muse
Has beaten downe so flat? Well, we will goe,
And see what weapons theyr weake wittes doe bring;
If sharpe, we'll spred a large and nobler wing;
Tucca, heere lyes thy Peace: warre roares agen;
My Swoord shall neuer cutte thee, but my pen. *Exit.*

*Enter* Sir Adam, Crispinus, Fannius, Blunt, Miniuer, Petula, Philocalia *and* Dicace.

*Ladies,* Thankes good Sir Adam.

*Sir Ada.* Welcome red-cheekt Ladies,
And welcome comely Widdow, Gentlemen,
Now that our sorry banquet is put by,
From stealing more sweet kisses from your lips
Walke in my garden: Ladyes let your eyes
Shed life into these flowers by their bright beames,
Sit, Sit heere's a large bower, heere all may heare,
Now good Crispinus let your praize begin.

There

There, where it left off Baldnes.

*Criſ.* I ſhall winne.
No praiſe, by praiſing that, which to depraue,
All tongues are readie, and which none would haue.

*Bm.* To prooue that beſt, by ſtrong and armed reaſon,
Whoſe part reaſon feares to take, cannot but prooue,
Your wit's fine temper, and from theſe win loue.

*Min* I promiſe you has almoſt conuerted me, I pray bring forward your bald reaſons M. Poet.

*Cri.* Miſtris you giue my Reaſons proper names,
For Arguments (like Children) ſhould be like,
The ſubiect that begets them; I muſt ſtriue
To crowne *Bald heades*, therefore muſt baldlie thriue;
But be it as it can: To what before,
Went arm'd at table, this force bring I more,
If a *Bare head* (being like a dead-mans ſcull)
Should beare vp no praiſe els but this, it ſets
Our end before our eyes; ſhould I diſpaire,
From giuing *Baldnes* higher place then haire?

*Mmi.* Nay perdie, haire has the higher place.

*Cri.* The goodlieſt & moſt glorious ſtrange-built wonder,
Which that great Architect hath made, is heauen;
For there he keepes his Court, It is his Kingdome,
That's his beſt Maſter-piece; yet tis the roofe,
And Seeling of the world: that may be cal'd
The head or crowne of Earth, and yet that's balde,
All creatures in it balde; the louely *Sunne*,
Has a face ſleeke as golde; the full-cheekt *Moone*,
As bright and ſmooth as ſiluer: nothing there
Weares dangling lockes, but ſometime blazing Starres,
Whoſe flaming curles ſet realmes on fire with warres.
Deſcend more low; looke through mans fiue-folde ſence,
Of all, the *Eye*, beares greateſt eminence;
And yet that's balde, the haires that like a lace,

Are

Are ſticht vnto the lidds, borrow thoſe formes,
Like Pent-houſes to ſaue the eyes from ſtormes.

*Sir Adam.* Right, well ſaid.

*Criſ.* A head and face ore-growne with Shaggie droſſe,
O, tis an Orient pearle hid all in Moſſe;
But when the head's all naked and vncrown'd,
It is the worlds *Globe*, euen, ſmooth and round;
*Baldnes* is natures *Barr*, at which our life,
Shootes her laſt Arrow: what man euer lead
His age out with a ſtaffe, but had a head
Bare and vncouer'd? hee whoſe yeares doe riſe,
To their full height, yet not balde, is not wiſe.
The *Head* is Wiſedomes houſe, *Haire* but the thatch,
*Haire?* It's the baſeſt ſtubble; in ſcorne of it,
This Prouerbe ſprung, *he has more haire then wit:*
Marke you not in deriſion how we call,
A head growne thicke with haire, *Buſh-naturall?*

*Min.* By your leaue (Maſter Poet) but that Buſh-naturall, is one a the trimmeſt, and moſt intanglingſt beautie in a woman.

*Criſ.* Right, but beleeue this (*pardon me moſt faire*)
You would haue much more wit, had you leſſe haire:
I could more wearie you to tell the proofes.
(As they paſſe by) which fight on *Baldnes* ſide,
Then were you taskt to number on a head,
The haires: I know not how your thoughts are lead,
On this ſtrong Tower ſhall my opinion reſt,
*Heades thicke of haire are good, but balde the beſt,*

*Whilſt this Paradox is in ſpeaking,* Tucca *Enters with* Sir Vaughan *at one doore, and ſecretly placeth him: then Exit and brings in* Horace *muffled, placing him:* Tucca *ſits among them.*

*Tuc.* Th'art within a haire of it, my ſweet *Wit whether wile thou?*

*thou?* my delicate Poeticall Furie, th'aſt hit it to a haire.

Sir Vaughan *ſteps out.*

*Sir Vau.* By your fauour Maſter Tucky, his balde reaſons are wide aboue two hayres, I beſees you pardon mee Ladies, that I thruſt in ſo malepartly among you, for I did but mych heere, and ſee how this cruell Poet did handle bald heades.

*Sir Ad.* He gaue them but their due Sir Vaughan; Widdow did he not?

*Mini.* By my faith he made more of a balde head, than euer I ſhall be able: he gaue them their due truely.

*Sir Vaugh.* Nay vds bloud, their due is to bee a the right haire as I am, and that was not in his fingers to giue, but in God a Mighties: Well, I will hyre that humorous and fantaſticall Poet Maſter Horace, to breake your balde pate Sir Adam.

*Sir Ada.* Breake my balde pate?

*Tuc.* Doſt heare my worſhipfull block-head?

*Sir Vaug.* Patience Captaine Tucky, let me abſolue him; I meane he ſhal pricke, pricke your head or ſconce a little with his gooſe-quils, for he ſhal make another Thalimum, or croſſe-ſtickes, or ſome Polinoddyes, with a fewe Nappy-grams in them, that ſhall lift vp haire, and ſet it an end, with his learned and harty commendations.

*Hor.* This is excellent, all will come out now.

*Dica.* That ſame Horace me thinkes has the moſt vngodly face, by my Fan; it lookes for all the world, like a rotten ruſſet Apple, when tis bruiz'd: Its better then a ſpoonefull of Sinamon water next my heart, for me to heare him ſpeake; hee ſoundes it ſo i'th noſe, and talkes and randes for all the world, like the poore fellow vnder Ludgate: oh fye vpon him.

*Min* By my troth ſweet Ladies, it's Cake and pudding to me, to ſee his face make faces, when hee reades his Songs

and

and Sonnets.

*Hor.* Ile face some of you for this, when you shall not budge.

*Tuc.* Its the stinckingst dung-farmer —— foh vpon him.

*Sir Van.* Foh'oundes you make him vrse than olde herring: foh; by Sesu I thinke he's as tidy, and as tall a Poet as euer drew out a long verse.

*Tuc.* The best verse that euer I knew him hacke out, was his white necke-verse: noble Ap Rees thou wouldst scorne to laye thy lippes to his commendations, and thou smeldst him out as I doe, hee calles thee the burning Knight of the Salamander.

*Sir Vaugh.* Right, Peter is my Salamander; what of him? but Peter is neuer burnt: howe now? so, goe too now.

*Tucca.* And sayes becausse thou Clipst the Kinges English.

*Sir Vaughan.* Oundes meet that's treason: clip? horrible treasons, Sesu holde my handes; clip? he baites mouse-trappes for my life.

*Tucca.* Right little *Twinckler*, right: hee sayes becausse thou speak'st no better, thou canst not keepe a good tongue in thy head.

*Sir Vaug.* By God tis the best tongue, I can buy for loue or money.

*Tuc.* He shootes at thee too Adam Bell, and his arrowes stickes heere; he calles thee bald-pate.

*Sir Vaugh.* Oundes make him prooue these intollerabilities.

*Tuc.* And askes who shall carry the vineger-bottle? & then he rimes too't, and sayes Prickshaft: nay Minniver hee crompleshy Cap too; and ——

*Cri.* Come Tucca, come, no more; the man's wel knowne, thou needst not paint him, whom does he not wrong?

*Tuc.* Mary himſelfe, the vglie Pope Boniface, pardons himſelfe, and therefore my iudgement is, that preſently he bee had from hence, to his place of execution, and there bee Stab'd, Stab'd, Stab'd. *He ſtabs at him.*

*Hor.* Oh gentlemen, I am ſlaine, oh ſlaue art hyr'd to murder me, to murder me, to murder me?

*Ladies.* Oh God!

*Sir Vaugh.* Ounds Capten you haue put all Poetrie to the dint of ſword, blow winde about him: Ladies for our Lordes ſake you that haue ſmocks, teare off peeces, to ſhoote through his ounces: Is he dead and buried? is he? pull his noſe, pinch, rub, rub, rub, rub.

*Tuc.* If he be not dead, looke heere; I ha the Stab and pippin for him: if I had kil'd him, I could ha pleaſ'd the great foole with an Apple.

*Crif.* How now? be well good Horace, heer's no wound; Y'are ſlaine by your owne feares; how doſt thou man? Come, put thy heart into his place againe; Thy out-ſide's neither perc'ſt, nor in-ſide ſlaine.

*Sir Vau.* I am glad M. Horace, to ſee you walking.

*Ho.* Gentlemen, I am blacke and blewe the breadth of a groate.

*Tuc.* Breadth of a groate? there's a teſton, hide thy infirmities, my ſcuruy Lazarus; doe, hide it, leaſt it prooue a ſcab in time: hang thee deſperation, hang thee, thou knowſt I cannot be ſharpe ſet againſt thee: looke, feele (my light-vpt ailes all) feele my weapon.

*Mi.* O moſt pittifull as blunt as my great thumbe.

*Sir Vau.* By Seſu, as blunt as a Welſh bag-pudding.

*Tuc.* As blunt as the top of Poules; tis not like thy Aloe, Cicatrine tongue, bitter: no, tis no ſtabber, but like thy goodly and glorious noſe, blunt, blunt, blunt: doſt roare bulchin? doſt roare? th'aſt a good rounctuall voice to cry Lanthorne & Candle-light.

*Sir Va.* Two vrds Horace about your eares? how chance it passes, that you bid God boygh to an honest trade of building Symneys, and laying downe Brickes, for a worse handicraftnes, to make nothing but railes; your Muse leanes vpon nothing but filthy rotten tailes, such as stand on Poules head, how chance?

*Hor.* Sir Vaughan.

*Sir Va.* You lye sir varlet sir villaine, I am sir Salamanders, ounds, is my man Mattet Peter Salamanders face as vrse as mine? Gentlemen, all and Ladies, and you say once or twice Amen, I will lap this little Silde, this Booby in his blankets agen.

*Omnes.* Agree'd, agree'd.

*Tuc.* A blanket, these crackt Venice glasses shall fill him out, they shall tosse him, holde fast wag-tailes: so, come, in, take this bandy with the racket of patience, why when? dost stampe mad Tamberlaine, dost stampe? thou think'st th'ast Morter vnder thy feete, dost?

*Ladies.* Come, a bandy ho.

*Hor.* O holde most sacred beauties.

*Sir Vau.* Hold, silence, the puppet-teacher speakes.

*Ho.* Sir Vaughan, noble Capten, Gentlemen,
Crispinus, deare Demetrius ô redeeme me,
Out of this infamous——by God by Iesu ——

*Cri.* Nay, sweare not so good Horace, now these Ladies,
Are made your executioners: prepare,
To suffer like a gallant, not a coward;
Ile trie t'vnloose, their hands, impossible,
Nay, womens vengeance are implacable.

*Hor.* Why, would you make me thus the ball of scorne?

*Tuc.* Ile tell thee why, because th'ast entred Actions of assault and battery, against a compame of honourable and worshipfull Fathers of the law: you wrangling rascall, law is one of the pillers ath land, and if thou beest bound too't (as I hope

thou ſhalt bee) thou'ſt proone a ſkip-lacke, thou't be whipt. Ile tell thee why, becauſe thy ſputtering chappes yelpe, that Arrogance, and Impudence, and Ignoraunce, are the eſſentiall parts of a Courtier.

*Sir Vau.* You remember Horace they will puncke, and pincke, and pumpe you, and they catch you by the coxcombe: on I pray, one laſh, a little more.

*Tuc.* Ile tell thee why. becauſe thou cryeſt ptrooh at worſhipfull Citizens, and cal'ſt them Flat-caps, Cuckolds, and banckrupts, and modeſt and vertuous wiues punckes & cockatrices. Ile tell thee why, becauſe th'aſt arraigned two Poets againſt all lawe and conſcience; and not content with that, haſt turn'd them amongſt a company of horrible blacke Fryers.

*Sir Vau.* The ſame hand ſtill, it is your owne another day, M. Horace, admonitions is good meate.

*Tuc.* Thou art the true arraign'd Poet, and ſhouldſt haue been hang'd, but for one of theſe part-takers, theſe charitable Copper-lac'd Chriſtians, that fetcht thee out of Purgatory, (Players I meane) Theaterians pouch-mouth, Stage-walkers; for this Poet, for this, thou muſt lye with theſe foure wenches, in that blancket, for this ——

*Hor.* What could I doe, out of a iuſt reuenge,
But bring them to the Stage? they enuy me
becauſe I holde more worthy company.

*Deme.* Good Horace, no; my cheekes doe bluſh for thine,
As often as thou ſpeakſt ſo, where one true
And nobly-vertuous ſpirit, for thy beſt part
Loues thee, I wiſh one ten, euen from my heart,
I make account I put vp as deepe ſhare
In any good mans loue, which thy worth earnes,
As thou thy ſelfe; we enuy not to ſee,
Thy friends with Bayes to crowne thy Poeſie.

No,

No, heere the gall lyes, we that know what stuffe
Thy verie heart is made of; know the stalke
On which thy learning growes, and can giue life
To thy (once dying) baleues; yet must we
Dance Antickes on your Paper.

*Hor.* Fannius.

*Cri.* This makes vs angry, but not enuious,
No, were thy warpt soule, put in a new molde,
Ide weare thee as a Iewell set in golde.

*Sir Vau.* And Iewels Master Horace, must be hang'd you know.

*Tuc.* Good Pagans, well said, they haue sowed vp that broken seame-rent lye of thine, that Demetrius is out at Elbowes, and Crispinus is falne out with Sattin heere, they haue; but bloate-herring dost heare?

*Hor.* Yes honour'd Captaine, I haue eares at will.

*Tuc.* Ist not better be out at Elbowes, then to bee a bond-slaue, and to goe all in Parchment as thou dost?

*Horace.* Parchment Captaine? tis Perpetuana I assure you.

*Tuc.* My Perpetuall pantaloone true, but tis waxt ouer; th'art made out of Wax; thou must answere for this one day; thy Muse is a bragler, and weares cloathes vpon best-be-trust: th'art great in some bodies books for this, thou knowst where; thou wouldst bee out at Elbowes, and out at heeles too, but that thou laycst about thee with a Bill for this, a Bill ——

*Ho.* I confesse Capten, I followed this suite hard.

*Tuc.* I know thou didst, and therefore whilst we haue Hiren heere, speake my little dish-washers, a verdit Pisse-kitchins.

*Omnes.* Blancket.

*Sir Vau.* Holde I pray, holde, by Sesu I haue put vpon my heade, a fine deuice, to make you laugh, tis not

your

your focles Cap Master Horace, which you couer'd your Poetasters in, but a fine tricke, ha, ha, is tumbling in my braine.

*Tuc.* Ile beate out thy braines, my whorson hansome dwarfe, but ile haue it out of thee.

*Omnes.* What is it good Sir Vaughan?

*Sir Vau.* To conclude, tis after this manners, because Ma. Horace is ambition, and does conspire to bee more hye and tall, as God a mightie made him, wee'll carry his terrible, person to Court, and there before his Maiestie Dub, or what you call it, dip his Muse in some licour, and christen him, or dye him, into collours of a Poet.

*Omnes.* Excellent.

*Tuc.* Super Super-excellent Reuellers goe, proceede you Masters of Arte in kissing these wenches, and in daunces, bring you the quiuering Bride to Court, in a Maske, come Grumboll, thou shalt Mum with vs; come, dogge meet skneakes-bill.

*Hor.* O thou my Muse!

*Sir Vau.* Call vpon God a mighty, and no Muses, your Muse I warrant is otherwise occupied, there is no dealing with your Muse now, therefore I pray marse, marse, marse, ounces your Mooser? *Exeunt.*

*Cri.* We shal haue sport to see them; come bright beauties,
The Sunne stoops low, and whispers in our eares,
To hasten on our Maske, let's crowne this night,
With choise composed wreathes of sweet delight. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Terrill *and* Cælestine *sadly*, Sir Quintilian *stirring and mingling a cup of wine.*

*Ter.* O Night, that Dyes the Firmament in blacke,
And like a cloth of cloudes dost stretch thy limbes;
Vpon the windy Tenters of the Ayre:
O thou that hang'st vpon the backe of Day,

Like

Like a long mourning gowne: thou that art made
Without an eye, becauſe thou ſhouldſt not ſee
A Louers Reuels: nor participate
The Bride-groomes heauen; ô heauen, to me a hell:
I haue a hell in heauen, a bleſſed curſſe;
All other Bride-groomes long for Night, and taxe
The Day of lazie ſlouth; call Time a Cripple,
And ſay the houres limpe after him: but I
Wiſh Night for euer baniſht from the skie,
Or that the Day would neuer ſleepe: or Time,
Were in a ſwound; and all his little Houres,
Could neuer lift him vp with their poore powers.

*Enter* Cæleſtine.

But backward runnes the courſe of my delight;
The day hath turn'd his backe, and it is night:
This night will make vs odde; day made vs eeuen,
All elſe are damb'd in hel, but I in heauen.

*Cæ.* Let looſe thy oath, ſo ſhall we ſtill be eeuen.

*Ter.* Then am I damb'd in hell, and not in heauen.

*Cæl.* Muſt I then goe? tis eaſie to ſay no,
Muſt is the King himſelfe, and I muſt goe;
Shall I then goe? that word is thine; I ſhall,
Is thy commaund: I goe becauſe I ſhall;
Will I then goe? I aske my ſelfe; ô ill,
King, ſaies I muſt; you, I ſhall; I, I will.

*Ter.* Had I not ſworne. *Cæl.* Why didſt thou ſweare?

*Ter.* The King
Sat heauy on my reſoluion,
Till (out of breath) it panted out an oath.

*Cæl.* An oath? why, what's an oath? tis but the ſmoake,
Of flame & bloud; the bliſter of the ſpirit,
Which rizeth from the Steame of rage, the bubble
That ſhootes vp to the tongue, and ſcaldes the voice,
(For oathes are burning words) thou ſwor'ſt but one,

Tis frozen long agoe: if one be numbred,
VVhat Countrimen are they? where doe they dwell,
That ſpeake naught elſe but oathes?
Ter. They're men of hell.
An oath? why tis the trafficke of the ſoule,
Tis law within a man; the ſeale of faith,
The bond of euery conſcience; vnto whom,
VVe ſet our thoughts like hands: yea, ſuch a one
I ſwore, and to the King: A King containes
A thouſand thouſand; when I ſwore to him,
I ſwore to them; the very haires that guard
His head, will riſe vp like ſharpe witneſſes
Againſt my faith and loyalty: his eye
VVould ſtraight condemne me: argue oathes no more,
My oath is high, for to the King I ſwore.

*Enter* Sir Quintilian *with the cup.*

Ce. Muſt I betray my Chaſtity? So long
Cleane from the treaſon of rebelling luſt;
O husband! O my Father! if poore I,
Muſt not liue chaſt, then let me chaſtly dye.
Sq. Qui. I, heer's a charme ſhall keep thee chaſte, come, come,
Olde Time hath left vs but an houre to play
Our parts; begin the Scoane, who ſhall ſpeake firſt?
Oh, I, I play the King, and Kings ſpeake firſt;
Daughter ſtand thou heere, thou Sonne Terrill there,
O thou ſtandſt well thou leanſt againſt a poaſt,
(For thou'lt be poſted off I warrant thee:)
The King will hang a horne about thy necke,
And make a poaſt of thee; you ſtand well both,
VVe neede no Prologue, the King entring firſt,
He's a moſt gracious Prologue: mary then
For the Cataſtrophe, or Epilogue,

Ther's

Ther's one in cloth of Siluer, which no doubt,
VVill pleaſe the hearers well, when he ſteps out;
His mouth is fil'd with words: ſee where he ſtands;
He'll make them clap their eyes beſides their hands.
But to my part; ſuppoſe who enters now,
A King, whoſe eyes are ſet in Siluer; one
That bluſheth golde, ſpeakes Muſicke, dancing walkes,
Now gathers neerer, takes thee by the hand,
When ſtraight thou think'ſt, the very Orbe of heauen,
Mooues round about thy fingers, then he ſpeakes,
Thus —— thus —— I know not how.

*Cal.* Nor I to anſwer him.

*Sir Quint.* No girle: knowſt thou not how to anſwer him?
VVhy then the field is loſt, and he rides home,
Like a great conquerour; not anſwer him?
Out of thy part alread? yfoylde the Sceane?
Diſranckt the lynes? diſarm'd the action?

*Ter.* Yes yes, true chaſtity is tongu'd ſo weake,
Tis ouer-come ere it know how to ſpeake.

*Sir qui.* Come, come, thou happy cloſe of euery wrong,
Tis thou that canſt diſſolue the hardeſt doubt;
Tis time for thee to ſpeake, we are all out.
Daughter, and you the man whom I call Sonne,
I muſt confeſſe I made a deede of gift;
To heauen and you, and gaue my childe to both:
VVhen on my bleſſing I did charme her ſoule,
In the white circle of true Chaſtity,
Still to run true, till death: now Sir if not,
She forfeyts my rich bleſſing, and is Fin'd
VVith an eternall curſſe; then I tell you,
She ſhall dye now, now whilſt her ſoule is true.

*Ter.* Dye?

*Cal.* I, I am deaths eccho.

*Sir quin.* O my Sonne,

I am her Father; euery teare I ſhed,
Is threeſcore ten yeere olde; I weepe and ſmile
Two kinde of teares: I weepe that ſhe muſt dye,
I ſmile that ſhe muſt dye a Virgin: thus
We ioyfull men mocke teares, and teares mocke vs.

*Ter.* What ſpeakes that cup?

*Sir quin.* White wine and poiſon.

*Ter.* Oh:

That very name of poiſon, poiſons me;
Thou Winter of a man, thou walking graue,
Whoſe life is like a dying Taper: how
Canſt thou define a Louers labouring thoughts?
What Sent haſt thou but death? what taſte but earth?
The breath that purles from thee, is like the Steame
Of a new-open'd vault: I know thy drift,
Becauſe thou art trauelling to the land of Graues,
Thou couetſt company, and hether bringſt,
A health of poiſon to pledge death: a poiſon
For this ſweete ſpring; this Element is mine,
This is the Ayre I breath; corrupt it not;
This heauen is mine, I bought it with my ſoule,
Of him that ſelles a heauen, to buy a ſoule.

*Sir quin.* Well, let her goe; ſhe's thine thou cal'ſt her thine,
Thy Element, the Ayre thou breath'ſt; thou knowſt
The Ayre thou breath'ſt is common, make her ſo:
Perhaps thou't ſay; none but the King ſhall weare
Thy night-gowne, ſhe that laps thee warme with loue;
And that Kings are not common: Then to ſhew,
By conſequence he cannot make her ſo,
Indeede ſhe may promoote her ſhame and thine,
And with your ſhames, ſpeake a good word for mine:
The King ſhining ſo cleare, and we ſo dim,
Our darke diſgraces will be ſeene through him.
Imagine her the cup of thy moiſt life,

What man would pledge a King in his owne wife?
*Ter.* She dyes:that ſentence poiſons her: O life!
What ſlaue would pledge a King in his owne wife?
*Cel.* Welcome,ô poyſon,phiſicke againſt luſt,
Thou holeſome medicine to a conſtant bloud;
Thou rare Apothecary that canſt keepe,
My chaſtity preſeru'd, within this boxe;
Of tempting duſt,this painted earthen pot,
That ſtands vpon the ſtall of the white ſoule,
To ſet the ſhop out like a flatterer,
To draw the cuſtomers of Sinne: come,come,
Thou art no poiſon,but a dyet-drinke,
To moderate my bloud: White-innocent Wine,
Art thou made guilty of my death? oh no,
For thou thy ſelfe art poiſon'd,take me hence,
For Innocence,ſhall murder Innocence. *Drinkes*
*Ter.* Holde,holde,thou ſhalt not dye,my Bride,my wife,
O ſtop that ſpeedy meſſenger of death;
O let him not run downe that narrow path,
Which leades vnto thy heart; nor carry newes
To thy remooving ſoule,that thou muſt dye.
*Cel.* 'Tis done already,the Spirituall Court,
Is breaking vp; all Offices diſcharg'd,
My ſoule remooues from this weake ſtanding houſe,
Of fraile mortallity: Deare Father,bleſſe
Me now and euer: Dearer Man farewell,
I ioyntly take my leaue of thee and life,
Goe,tell the King thou haſt a conſtant wife.
*Ter.* I had a conſtant wife,Ile tell the King;
Vntill the King —— what doſt thou ſmile? art thou
A Father?
*Sir quin.* Yea ſmiles on my cheekes ariſe,
To ſee how ſweetly a true virgin dyes.

*Enter* Blunt, Crispinus, Fannius, Philocalia, Dicache, Petula, *lights before them.*

*Cris.* Sir Walter Terrill, gallants are all ready,
*Ter.* All ready.
*Dem.* Well said, come, come, wher's the Bride?
*Ter.* She's going to forbid the Banes agen.
She'll dye a maide: and see, she keeps her oath.
*All the men.* Faire Cælestine!
*Ladies.* The Bride!
*Ter.* She that was faire,
Whom I cal'd faire and Cælestine.
*Omnes.* Dead!
*Sir quin.* Dead, sh's deathes Bride, he hath her maidenhead.
*Cri.* Sir Walter Terrill.
*Omnes.* Tell vs how.
*Ter.* All cease,
The subiect that we treate of now is *Peace*,
If you demaund how: I can tell: if why,
Aske the King that; he was the cause, not I.
Let it suffice, she's dead, she kept her vow,
Aske the King why, and then Ile tell you how:
Nay giue your Reuels life, tho she be gone,
To Court with all your preparation;
Leade on, and leade her on; if any aske
The mistery, say death presents a maske,
Ring peales of Musicke, you are Louers belles,
The losse of one heauen, brings a thousand hels. *Exeunt.*

*Enter an arm'd Sewer, after him the seruice of a Banquet: the King at another doore meetes them, they Exeunt.*

*Kin.* Why so, euen thus the Mercury of Heauen,

Vshers

Vshers th'ambrosiate banquet of the Gods,
When a long traine of Angels in a ranke,
Serue the first course, and bow their Christall knees,
Before the Siluer table; where Ioues page
Sweet Ganimed fills Nectar: when the Gods,
Drinke healthes to Kings, they pledge them; none but Kings
Dare pledge the Gods; none but Gods drinke to Kings.
Men of our house are we prepar'd?

*Enter Seruants.*

*Ser.* My Leige,
All waite the presence of the Bride.

*Kin.* The Bride?
Yea, euery senceles thing, which she beholdes,
Will looke on her agen, her eyes reflection,
Will make the walles all eyes, with her perfection:
Obserue me now, because of Maskes and Reuels,
And many nuptiall ceremonies: Marke,
This I create the Presence, heere the State,
Our Kingdomes seate, sh all sit in honours Pride,
Like pleasures Queene, there will I place the Bride:
Be gone, be speedy, let me see it done. *Exeunt.*
A King in Loue, is Steward to himselfe,
And neuer scornes the office, my selfe buy,
All glances from the Market of her eye.

*Soft Musicke, chaire it set vnder a Canopie.*

*Kin.* Sound Musicke, thou sweet suiter to the ayre,
Now wooe the ayre agen, this is the houre,
Writ in the Calender of time, this houre,
Musicke shall spend, the next and next the Bride;
Her tongue will read the Musicke-Lecture: Wat
I loue thee Wat, because thou art not wise;

No

Not deep-read in the volume of a man,
Thou neuer ſawſt a thought, poore ſoule thou thinkſt,
The heart and tongue is cut out of one peece,
But th'art deceau'd, the world hath a falſe light,
Fooles thinke tis day, when wiſe men know tis night.

*Enter* Sir Quintilian.

*Sir quint.* My Leige they're come, a maske of gallants,
*Kin.* Now ---- the ſpirit of Loue vſhers my bloud.
*Sir quin.* They come.
The Watch-word in a Maske is the bolde Drum.

*Enter* Blunt, Criſpinus, Demetrius, Philocalia, Petula, Dicache, *all maskt, two and two with lights like maskers:* Cæleſtine *in a chaire.*

*Ter.* All pleaſures guard my King, I heere preſent,
My oath vpon the knee of duety: knees
Are made for Kings, they are the ſubiects Fees.
*King.* Wat Terrill, th'art ill ſuited, ill made vp,
In Sable collours, like a night peece dyed,
Com'ſt thou the Prologue of a Maske in blacke;
Thy body is ill ſhapt; a Bride-groome too?
Looke how the day is dreſt in Siluer cloth,
Laide round about with golden Sunne-beames: ſo
(As white as heauen) ſhould a freſh Bride-groome goe.
What? Cæleſtine the Bride, in the ſame taske?
Nay then I ſee ther's miſtery in this maske,
Prethee reſolue me Wat?
*Ter.* My gracious Lord,
That part is hers, ſhe actes it; onely I
Preſent the Prologue, ſhe the miſterie.

*King.* Come

*Kin.* Come Bride, the Sceane of bluſhing entred firſt,
Your cheekes are ſetled now, and paſt the worſt; *Vnmaſks her*
A miſtery? oh none plaies heere but death,
This is deaths motion, motionles; ſpeake you,
Flatter no longer; thou her Bride-groome; thou
Her Father ſpeake.

*Sir quint.* Dead.

*Ter.* Dead.

*Kin.* How?

*Sir quin.* Poyſon'd.

*King.* And poyſon'd?
What villaine durſt blaſpheme her beauties, or
Prophane the cleare religion of her eyes.

*Ter.* Now King I enter, now the Sceane is mine,
My tongue is tipt with poiſon; know who ſpeakes,
And looke into my thoughts; I bluſh not King.
To call thee Tyrant: death hath ſet my face,
And made my bloud bolde; heare me ſpirits of men,
And place your eares vpon your hearts; the day
(The felloy to this night) ſaw her and me,
Shake hands together: for the booke of heauen,
Made vs eternall friends: thus, *Man and Wife,*
This man of men (the King) what are not kings?
Was my chiefe gueſt, my royall gueſt, his Grace
Grac'd all the Table, and did well become
The vpper end, where ſate my Bride: in briefe,
He tainted her chaſte eares; ſhe yet vnknowne,
His breath was treaſon, tho his words were none.
Treaſon to her and me, he dar'd me then,
(Vnder the couert of a flattering ſmile;)
To bring her where ſhe is, not as ſhe is,
Aliue for luſt, not dead for (Chaſtity:
The reſolution of my ſoule, out-dar'd,)
I ſwore and taxt my faith with a ſad oath;

Which I maintaine; heere take her, ſhe was mine,
When ſhe was liuing, but now dead, ſhe's thine.
*Kin.* Doe not confound me quite; for mine owne guilt,
Speakes more within me then thy tongue containes;
Thy ſorrow is my ſhame: yet heere in ſprings,
Ioy out of ſorrow, boldnes ont of ſhame;
For I by this haue found, once in my life,
A faithfull ſubiect, thou a conſtant wife.
*Cæ.* A conſtant wife.
*Kin.* Am I confounded twice?
Blaſted with wonder.
*Ter.* O delude we not,
Thou art too true to liue agen, too faire
To be my Cæleſtine, too conſtant farre
To be a woman.
*Cæ.* Not to be thy wife,
But firſt I pleade my duetie, and ſalute
The world agen.
*Sir quin.* My King, my Sonne, know all,
I am an Actor in this miſterie,
And beare the chiefeſt part. The Father I,
Twas I that miniſtred to her chaſte bloud,
A true ſomniferous potion, which did ſteale
Her thoughts to ſleepe, and flattered her with death:
I cal'd it a quick poiſon'd drug, to trie
The Bride-groomes loue, and the Brides conſtancie.
He in the paſſion of his loue did fight,
A combat with affection; ſo did both,
She for the poiſon ſtroue, he for his oath:
Thus like a happie Father, I haue won,
A conſtant Daughter, and a louing Sonne.
*Kin.* Mirrour of Maidens, wonder of thy name,
I giue thee that art giuen, pure, chaſte, the ſame
Heere Wat: I would not part (for the worlds pride)

So true a Bride-groome, and so chaste a Bride.

*Cri.* My Leige, to wed a Comicall euent,
To presuppos'd tragicke Argument:
Vouchsafe to exercise your eyes, and see
A humorous dreadfull Poet take degree.

*Kin.* Dreadfull in his propottion or his pen?

*Cris.* In both, he calles himselfe the whip of men.

*Kin.* If a cleare merit stand vpon his praise,
Reach him a Poets Crowne (the honour'd Bayes)
But if he claime it, wanting right thereto,
(As many bastard Sonnes of Poesie doe)
Race downe his vsurpation to the ground.
*True Poets are with Arte and Nature Crown'd.*
But in what molde so ere this man bee cast;
We make him thine Crispinus, wit and iudgement,
Shine in thy numbers, and thy soule I know,
Will not goe arm'd in passion gainst thy foe:
Therefore be thou our selfe; whilst our selfe sit,
But as spectator of this Sceane of wit.

*Cri.* Thankes royall Lord, for these high honors done,
To me vnworthie, my mindes brightest fires
Shall all consume themselues, in purest flame,
On the Alter of your deare eternall name.

*Kin.* Not vnder vs, but next vs take thy Seate,
*Arts nourished by Kings make Kings more great,*
Vse thy Authority.

*Cris.* Demetrius.
Call in that *self-creating Horace*, bring
Him and his *shaddow* foorth.

*Dem.* Both shall appeare,
*No black-eyed star must sticke in vertues Spheare.*

*Enter* Sir Vaughan.

*Sir Va.* Ounds did you see him, I pray let all his Masesties

moſt excellent dogs, beſet at liberties, and haue their freedoms to ſmell him out.

*Dem.* Smell whom?

*Sir Vaugh.* Whom? the *Compoſer*, the *Prince of Poets*, *Horace*, *Horace*, he's departed: in Gods name and the Kinges I ſarge you to ring it out from all our eares, for Horaces bodie is departed: Maſter hue and crie ſhall —— God bleſſe King Williams, I crie you mercy and aske forgiuenes, for mine eyes did not finde in their hearts to looke vppon your Maieſtie.

*Kin.* What newes with thee Sir Vaughan?

*Sir Vau.* Newes? God tis as vrſe newes as I can deſire to bring about mee: our vnhanſome-fac'd Poet does play at bo-peepes with your Grace, and eryes all-hidde as boyes doe.

*Officers.* Stand by, roome there, backe, roome for the Poet.

*Sir Va.* He's reprehended and taken, by Sefu I reioyce very neere as much as if I had diſcouer'd a New-found Land, or the North and Eaſt Indies.

*Enter* Tucca, *his boy after him with two pictures vnder his cloake, and a wreath of nettles:* Horace *and* Bubo *put'd in by th'hornes bound both like Satyres*, Sir Adam *following*, *Miſtris* Miniuer *with him wearing* Tuccaes *chaine.*

*Tuc.* So, tug, tug, pull the mad Bull in by'th hornes: So, baite one at that ſtake my place-mouth yelpers, and one at that ſtake Gurnets-head.

*King.* What buſie fellow's this?

*Tuc.* Saue thee, my moſt gracious King a Harts ſaue thee, all hats and caps are thine, and therefore I vaile: for but to thee great *Sultane Soliman*, I ſcorne to be thus put off or to deliuer vp this

this sconce I wud.

*Kin.* Sir Vaughan, what's this iolly Captaines name?

*Sir Va.* Has a very sufficient name, and is a man has don God and his Country as good and as hot Seruice (in conquering this vile Monster-Poet) as euer did S. George his horse-backe about the Dragon.

*Tuc.* I sweate for't, but Tawsoone, holde thy tongue Mon du, if thou't praise mee, doo't behinde my backe: I am my weighty Soueraigne one of thy graines, thy valliant vassaile; aske not what I am, but read, turne ouer, vnclaspe thy Chronicles: there thou shalt finde Buffe-Ierkin; there read my points of war; I am one a thy Mandilian-Leaders; one that enters into thy royall bands for thee; *Pantilius Tucca*; one of thy Kingdomes chiefest quarrellers; one a thy most faithfull --- fy --- fy --- fy ——

*Sir Vau.* Drunkerds I holde my life.

*Tuc.* No *whirligig*, one of his faithfull fighters; thy drawer ô royall *Tamor Cham*.

*Sir Vau.* Goe too, I pray Captaine Tucca, giue vs all leaue to doe our busines before the King.

*Tuc.* With all my heart, shi, shi, shi shake that *Beare-whelp* when thou wut.

*Sir Vau.* Horace and Bubo, pray send an answere into his Maiesties eares, why you goe thus in Ouids Morter-Morphesis and strange fashions of apparrell.

*Tuc.* *Cur* why?

*Asini.* My Lords, I was drawne into this beastly suite by head and shoulders onely for loue I bare to my Ningle.

*Tuc.* Speake Ningle, thy mouth's next, belch out, belch, why ——

*Hor.* I did it to retyre me from the world;
And turne my *Muse* into a *Timonist*,
Loathing the general Leprozie of Sinne,
Which like a plague runs through the soules of men:

I did it but to ——

*Tu.* But to bite euery Motley-head vice by'th noſe, you did it Ningle to play the Bug-beare Satyre, & make a Campe royall of faſhion-mongers quake at your paper Bullets; you Naſtie Tortois, you and your Itchy Poetry breake out like Chriſtmas, but once a yeare, and then you keepe a Reuelling, & Araigning, & a Scratching of mens faces, as tho you were Tyber the long-tail'd Prince of Rattes, doe you?

*Cri.* Horace.

*Sir Vaughan.* Silence, pray let all vrdes be ſtrangled, or held faſt betweene your teeth.

*Cri.* Vnder controule of my dread Soueraigne,
We are thy Iudges; thou that didſt *Arraigne*,
Art now prepar'd for condemnation;
Should I but bid thy *Muſe ſtand to the Barre*,
Thy ſelfe againſt her wouldſt giue euidence:
For flat rebellion gainſt the Sacred lawes,
Of diuine Poeſie: heerein moſt ſhe miſt,
*Thy pride and ſcorne made her turne Sateriſt*,
*And not her loue to vertue* (as thou Preacheſt)
Or ſhould we miniſter ſtrong pilles to thee:
What lumpes of hard and indigeſted ſtuffe,
Of bitter *Satiriſme*, of *Arrogance*,
Of *Selfe-loue*, of *Detraction*, of a blacke
And ſtinging *Inſolence* ſhould we fetch vp?
But none of theſe, we giue thee what's more fit,
With ſtinging nettles Crowne his ſtinging wit.

*Tuc* Wel ſaid my Poeticall huckſter, now he's in thy handling rate him, doe rate him well.

*Hor.* O I beſeech your Maieſty, rather then thus to be neted, Ile ha my Satyres coate pull'd ouer mine eares, and bee turn'd out a the nine Muſes Seruice.

*Aſm.* And I too, let mee be put to my ſhiftes with myne Ningle.

*Sir Vaugh.* By

*Sir Vau.* By Seſu ſo you ſhall M. Bubo; flea off this hairie skin M. Horace, ſo, ſo, ſo, vntruſſe, vntruſſe.

*Tuc.* His Poeticall wreath my dapper puncke-fetcher.

*Hor.* Ooh ——

*Tu.* Nay your oohs, nor your *Callimaches* cannot ſerue your turne; your tongue you know is full of bliſters with raylng, your face full of pockey-holes and pimples, with your fierie inuentions: and therefore to preſerue your head from aking, this Biggin is yours, —— nay by Seſu you ſhall bee a Poet, though not Lawrefyed, yet Nettlefyed, ſo:

*Tuc.* Sirra ſtincker, thou'rt but vntruſſ'd now, I owe thee a whipping ſtill, and Ile pay it: I haue layde roddes in Piſſe and Vineger for thee: It ſhall not bee the *Whipping of the Satyre*, nor the Whipping of the blinde-Beare, bnt of a counterfeit Iugler, that ſteales the name of Horace.

*Kin.* How? counterfeit? does hee vſurpe that name?

*Sir Vau.* Yes indeede ant pleaſe your Grace, he does ſup vp that abhominable name.

*Tuc.* Hee does O King *Cambiſes*, hee does: thou haſt no part of Horace in thee but's name, and his damnable vices: thou haſt ſuch a terrible mouth, that thy beard's afraide to peepe out: but, looke heere you ſtaring Leuiathan, heere's the ſweete viſage of Horace; looke perboylde-face, looke; Horace had a trim long-beard, and a reaſonable good face for a Poet, (as faces goe now-a-dayes) Horace did not skrue and wriggle himſelfe into great Mens famyliarity, (impudentlie) as thou docſt: nor weare the Badge of Gentlemens company, as thou dooſt thy Taffetie ſleeues tackt too onely with ſome pointes of profit: No, Horace had not his face puncht full of Oylet-holes, like the couer of a warming-pan: Horace lou'd Poets well, and gaue Coxcombes to none but fooles; but thou lou'ſt none,

none, neither Wiſemen nor fooles, but thy ſelfe: Horace was a goodly Corpulent Gentleman, and not ſo leane a hollow-cheekt Scrag as thou art: No, heere's thee Coppy of thy countenance, by this will I learne to make a number of villanous faces more, and to looke ſcuruily vpon'th world, as thou doſt.

*Cri.* Sir Vaughan will you miniſter their oath?

*Sir Vau.* Maſter Afinius Bubo, you ſhall ſweare as little as you can, one oath ſhall damme vp your Innocent mouth.

*Criſ.* Any oath Sir, Ile ſweare any thing.

*Sir Va.* You ſhall ſweare by *Phœbus* (who is your Poets good Lord and Maſter,) that heere-after you will not hyre Horace, to giue you poeſies for rings, or hand-kerchers, or kniues which you vnderſtand not, nor to write your Loue-letters; which you (in turning of a hand) ſet your markes vpon, as your owne: nor you ſhall not carry Lattin Poets about you, till you can write and read Engliſh at moſt; and laſtlye that you ſhall not call Horace your Ningle.

*Criſ.* By *Phœbus* I ſweare all this, and as many oathes as you will, ſo I may trudge.

*Sir Vau.* Trudge then, pay your legs for Fees, and bee diſſarg'd.

*Tuc.* Tprooth —— runne Red-cap, ware hornes there.

*Exit Aſſi.*

*Sir Va.* Now Maſter Horace, you muſt be a more horrible ſwearer, for your oath muſt be (like your wittes) of many colours; and like a Brokers booke of many parcels.

*Tuc.* Read, read; th'inuentory of his oath.

*Hor.* Ile ſweare till my haire ſtands vp an end, to bee rid of this ſting, oh this ſting.

*Sir Vau.* Tis not your ſting of conſcience, is it?

*Tuc.* Vpon him: *Inprimis.*

*Sir Vaugh.* *Inprimis*, you ſhall ſweare by *Phœbus* and the halfe

halfe a score Muſes lacking one: not to ſweare to hang your ſelfe, if you thought any Man, Ooman or Silde, could write Playes and Rimes, as well-fauour'd ones as your ſelfe.

*Tuc.* Well ſayd, haſt brought him toth gallowes already?

*Sir Vaugh.* You ſhall ſweare not to bumbaſt out a new Play, with the olde lynings of Ieſtes, ſtolne from the Temples Reuels.

*Tuc.* To him olde Tango.

*Sir Va.* Moreouer, you ſhall not ſit in a Gallery, when your Comedies and Enterludes haue entred their Actions, and there make vile and bad faces at euerie lyne, to make Sentlemen haue an eye to you, and to make Players afraide to take your part.

*Tuc.* Thou ſhalt be my Ningle for this.

*Sir Vau* Beſides, you muſt forſweare to venter on the ſtage, when your Play is ended, and to exchange curtezies, and complements with Gallants in the Lordes roomes, to make all the houſe riſe vp in Armes, and to cry that's Horace, that's he, that's he, that's he, that pennes and purges Humours and diſeaſes.

*Tuc.* There boy, agen.

*Sir Vvu.* Secondly, when you bid all your friends to the marriage of a poore couple, that is to ſay: your *Wits and neceſſities, alias dictus, to the rifling of your Muſe: alias, your Muſes vp-ſitting: alias a Poets Whitſon-Ale*; you ſhall ſweare that within three dayes after, you ſhall not abroad, in Booke-binders ſhops, brag that your *Vize-royes* or *Tributorie-Kings*, haue done homage to you, or paide quarterage.

*Tuc.* Ile buſſe thy head Holofernes.

*Sir Vaugh.* Moreouer and *Inprimis*, when a Knight or

Sentlemen of vrſhip, does giue you his paſſe-port, to trauaile in and out to his Company, and giues you money for Gods ſake; I truſt in Seſu, you will ſweare (tooth and nayle) not to make ſealde and wry-mouth Ieſtes vpon his Knight-hood, will you not?

*Hor.* I neuer did it by Parnaſſus.

*Tuc.* Wut ſweare by Parnaſſus and lye too, Doctor Doddipol?

*Sir Va.* Thirdly, and laſt of all ſauing one, when your Playes are miſſe-likt at Court, you ſhall not crye Mew like a Puſſe-cat, and ſay you are glad you write out of the Courtiers Element.

*Tuc.* Let the Element alone, tis out a thy reach.

*Sir Vau.* In brieflynes, when you Sup in Tauernes, amongſt your betters, you ſhall ſweare not to dippe your Manners in too much ſawce, nor at Table to fling Epigrams, Embleames, or Play-ſpeeches about you (lyke Hayle-ſtones) to keepe you out of the terrible daunger of the Shot, vpon payne to ſit at the vpper ende of the Table, a'th left hand of Carlo Buffon: ſweare all this, by Apollo and the eight or nine Muſes.

*Hor.* By Apollo, Helicon, the Muſes (who march three and three in a rancke) and by all that belongs to Pernaſſus, I ſweare all this.

*Tuc.* Beare witnes.

*Criſ.* That fearefull wreath, this honour is your due,
*All Poets ſhall be Poet-Apes but you;*
Thankes (*Learnings true Mecœnas, Poeſies king*)
Thankes for that gracious eare, which you haue lent,
To this moſt tedious, moſt rude argument.

*Kin.* Our ſpirits haue well been feaſted; he whoſe pen
Drawes both corrupt, and cleare bloud from all men:

(Careles

(Careles what veine he prickes) let him not raue,
When his owne sides are strucke, blowes, blowes, doe craue.

*Tuc.* Kings-truce, my noble Hearbe-a-grace; my Princely sweet-William, a boone —— Stay first, Ist a match or no match, Lady Furniuall Ist?

*Sir Ad. & Sir quint.* A match?

*Mini.* I, a match, since he hath hit the Mistris so often i'th fore-game, we'll eene play out a rubbers.

*Sir Ada* Take her for me.

*Sir quin.* Take her for thy selfe, not for me.

*Sir Vau.* Play out your rubbers in Gods name, by Sesu Ile neuer boule more in your Alley, Iddow.

*Sir Quint.* My Chaine.

*Sir Adam* My Purse.

*Tuc.* Ile Chaine thee presently, and giue thee ten pound and a purse: a boone my Leige: —— daunce ô my delicate Rufus, at my wedding with this reuerend Antiquary; ist done? yut thou?

*Kin.* Ile giue thee Kingly honour: *Night* and *Sleepe*,
With silken Ribands would tye vp our eyes,
But Mistris Bride, one measure shall be led,
In scorne of Mid-nights haste, and then to bed. *Exeunt.*

# *Epilogus:*

*Tucca.* GEntlemen, Gallants, and you my little Swaggerers that fight lowe; my tough hearts of Oake that ſtand too't ſo valliantly, and are ſtill within a yard of your Capten: Now the Trumpets (that ſet men together by the eares) haue left their Tantara-rag-boy, let's part friends. I recant, beare witnes all you Gentle-folkes (that walke i'th Galleries) I recant the opinions which I helde of Courtiers, Ladies, & Cittizens, when once (in an aſſembly of Friers) I railde vpon them: that Hereticall Libertine Horace, tanght me ſo to mouth it. Beſides, twas when ſtiffe Tucca was a boy: twas not Tucca that railde and roar'd then, but the Deuill & his Angels: But now, Kings-truce, the Capten Summons a parlee, and deliuers himſelfe and his prating company into your hands, vpon what compoſition you wil. Are you pleaſ'd? and Ile dance Friskin for ioy, but if you be not, by'th Lord Ile ſee you all —— heere for your two pence a peice agen, before Ile looſe your company. I know now ſome be come hyther with cheekes ſwolne as big with hiſſes, as if they had the tooth-ach: vds-foote, if I ſtood by them, Ide bee ſo bold as —— intreate them to hiſſe in another place. Are you aduiz'd what you doe when you hiſſe? you blowe away Horaces reuenge: but if you ſet your hands

hands and Seales to this, Horace will write againſt it, and you may haue more ſport: he ſhall not looſe his labour, he ſhall not turne his blanke verſes into waſt paper: No, my Poëtaſters will not laugh at him, but will vntruſſe him agen, and agen, and agen. Ile tell you what you ſhall doe, caſt your little Tucca into a Bell: doe, make a Bell of me, and be al you my clappers, vpon condition, wee may haue a luſtie peale, this colde weather: I haue but two legs left me, and they are both yours: Good night my two penny Tenants God night.

FINIS.